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MARCH, 1953

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# BRITANNIA and EVE

**VOL. 46 No. 3 MARCH, 1953**



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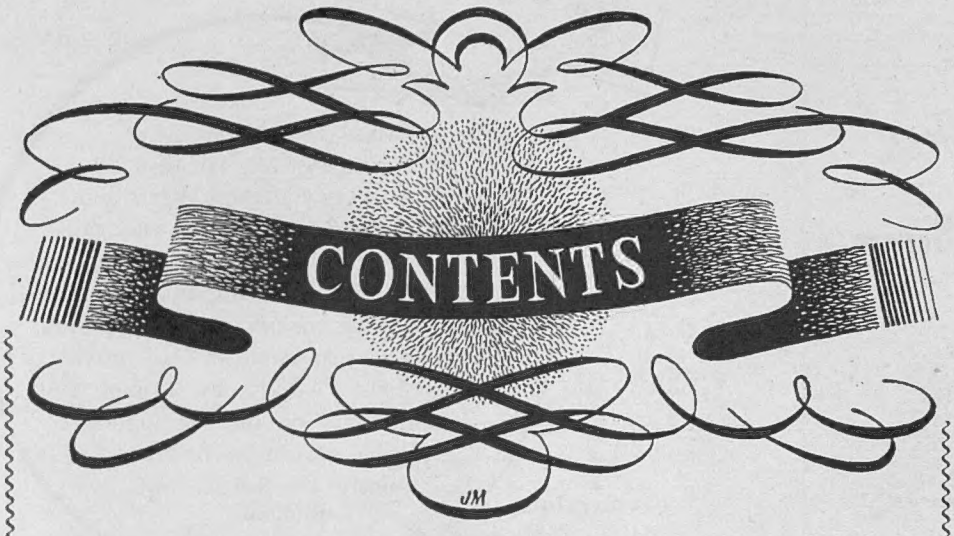


**Cover Photograph** *The Red Cap*

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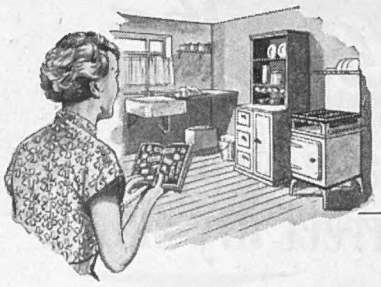

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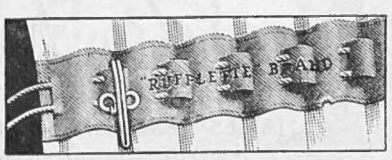


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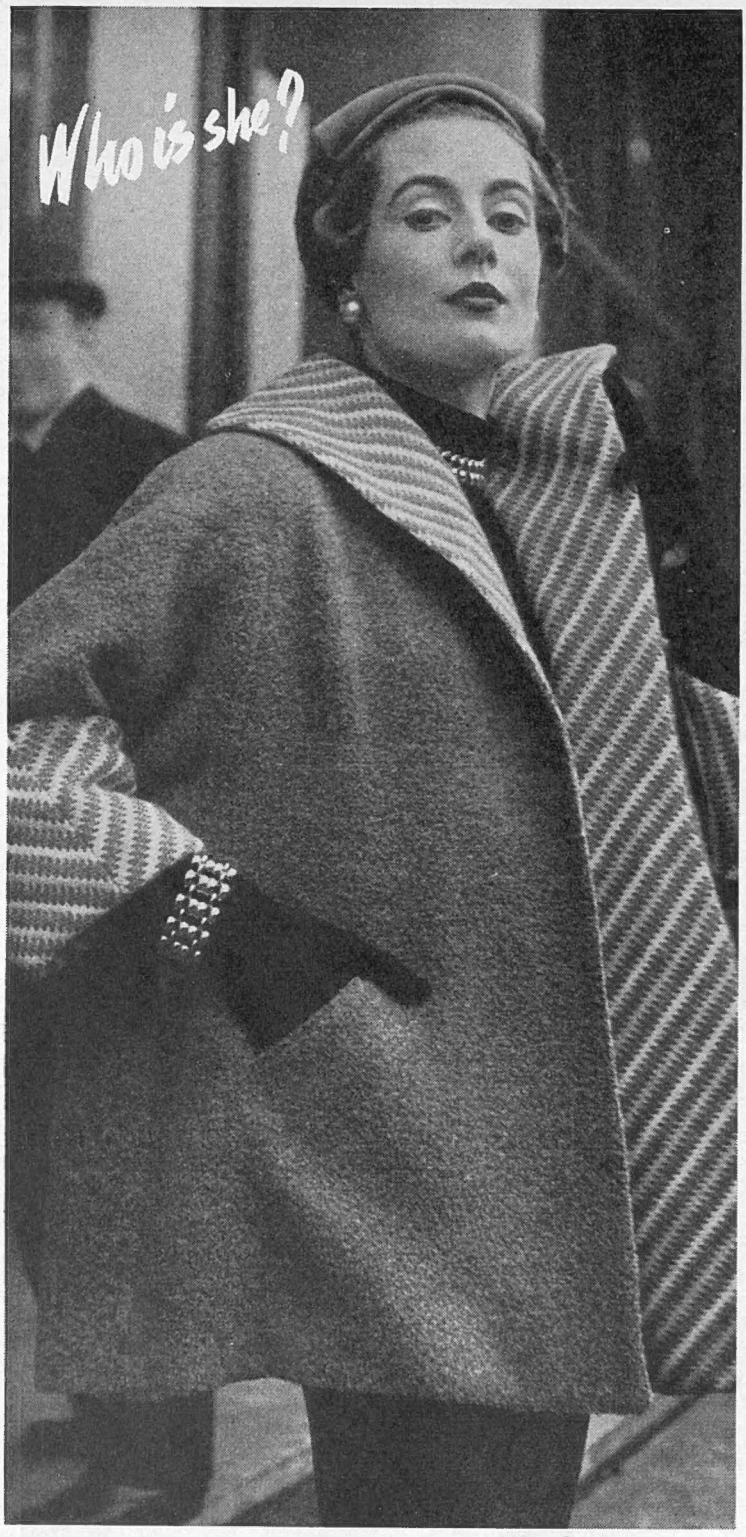


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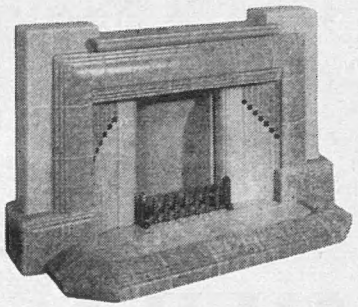

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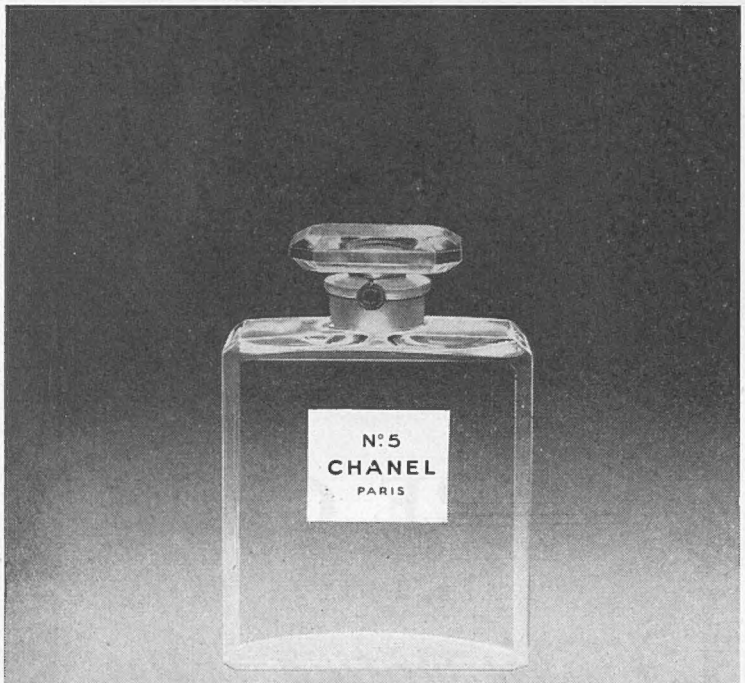


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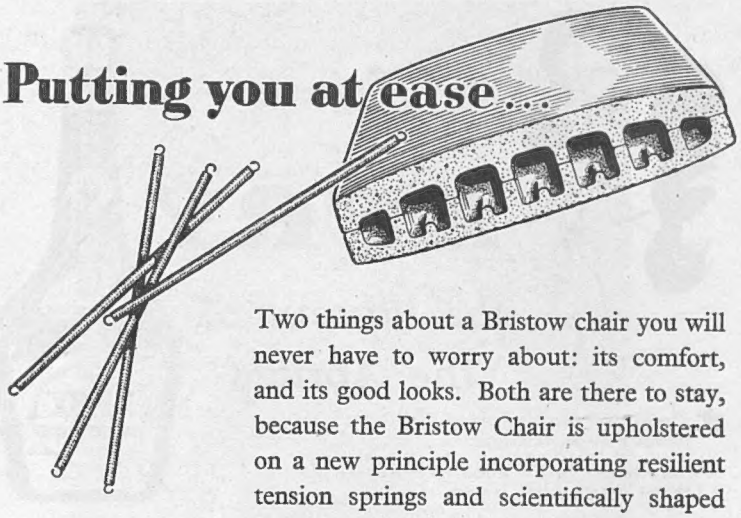

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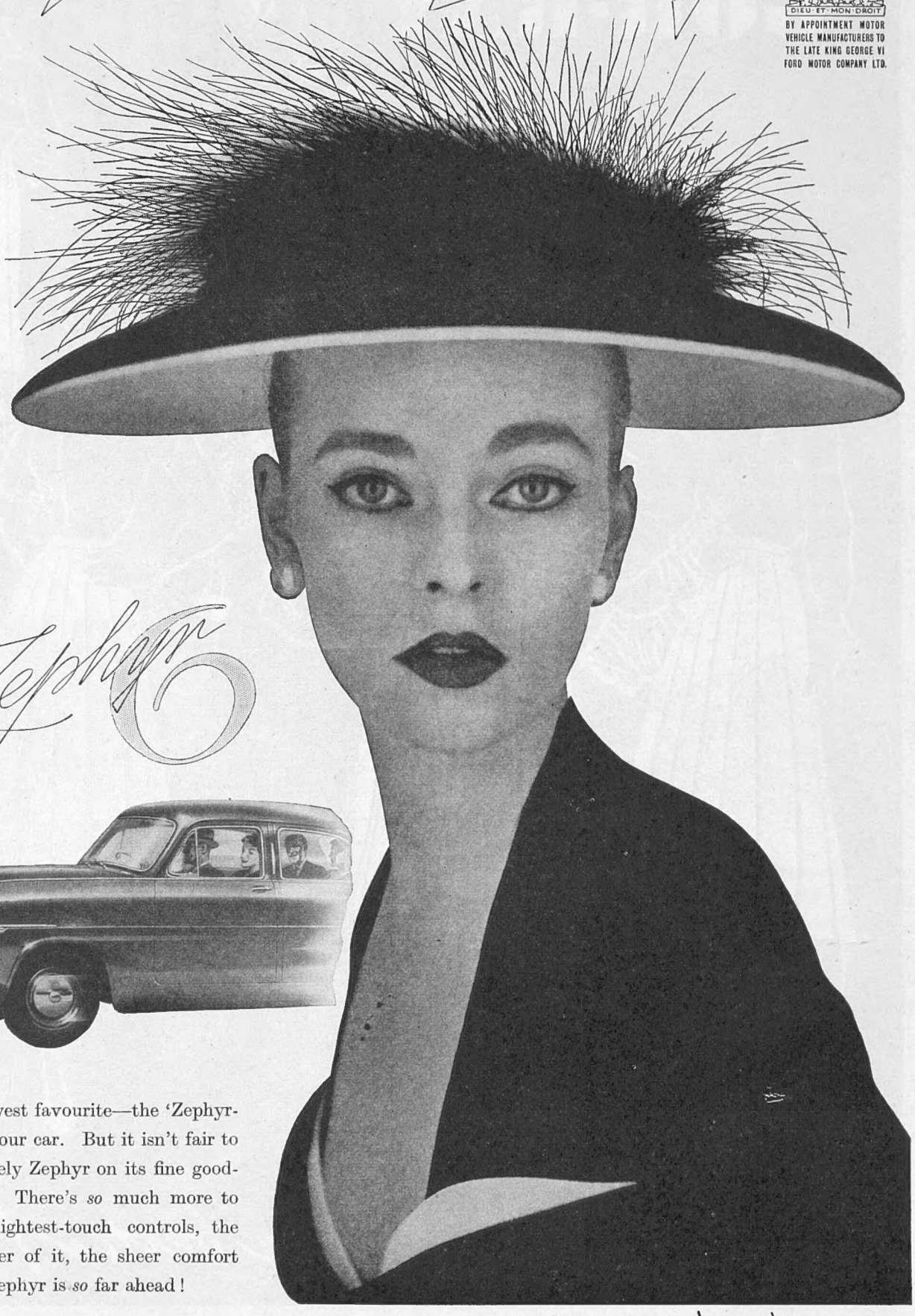

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# Wool OVER HIS EYES

*An entertaining short story*

*by JON CLEARY*

"MISS HARTNEY, I have a proposition to put to you," said Miss Hartney's boss.

Miss Hartney, a very calm and collected brunette with dark-blue eyes and good legs, looked at him over the top of her stenographic pad. "Yes, Mr. O'Brien?"

"You don't seem surprised," said George O'Brien. "I expected you to be shocked or scream or something."

"How old are you, Mr. O'Brien?"

"Thirty," said George, and turned his few grey hairs away from the light.

"Well, you should know better at your age," said Miss Hartney. "What's your proposition, Mr. O'Brien?"

George swallowed and said: "I want you to be my girl friend for three weeks."

"How much of a girl friend?"

"Oh, only on the surface," said George. "You would be just a sort of figurehead."

"Thank you," said Miss Hartney. "Would I be paid overtime?"

This set George back. He was not a conceited young man, but he believed in objectivity. He knew he was one of the most eligible young men in Sydney: as the representative in Australia of the Lanc-York Textile

★

**George had no idea how important a little competition could be, nor how he was going to love it**

★

Mills, he was the quarry of half the girls in Sydney. Now here he was offering his secretary an opportunity that half the girls in Sydney would have given their franchise for, and she was asking overtime. He knew these Australians were good unionists, but he 'd never imagined they were so thorough.

"Would time-and-a-half up till midnight, double time after that, suit you ? " he said.

"And double time Saturdays and Sundays," said Miss Hartney. "When do I start as a figurehead, Mr. O'Brien ? "

"To-morrow," said George. "You see it 's this way——"

THEN he told her about Betty Warsaw and the romance of five years ago that had never got anywhere because Betty was the daughter of Lanc-York's managing director, and George was from South Hampstead and was a very minor executive in the mills. Betty had been eighteen then, and the romance had petered out in the face of competition from the sons of other managing directors. Then George, who suffered from a bleeding nose when Bradford's winter set in and often had to take days off, had unexpectedly been sent to the warmer climate of Sydney to assist the Lanc - York representative there. Sometime later the representative had unexpectedly been hit by a tram and had died, and George had stepped in as a pinch - hitter — "an American baseball term——"

"I know," said Miss Hartney. "I went out with Americans during the war."

"You must have been very young."

"I was eighteen," said Miss Hartney. "Soldiers are no worse than minor executives."

George went back to his story. "Well, I made good and now I look like holding this job as long as I want. Betty started writing me again about six months ago and now she 's coming out here to look at Australia. She has persuaded her father she should have a closer look at where the wool comes from."

"Shall I round up a sheep ? " said Miss Hartney.

"That won't be necessary." George was beginning to wonder if he had made a mistake in putting his proposition to Miss Hartney ; she had been working for him only three months, and it was becoming more evident every minute that Miss Hartney had more to her than he had suspected. She knew wool as well as he knew it himself, but it seemed there were also a few other things she knew. "Actually, she is coming to have another look at me. I am still in—er—love with her, but I don't think I should play too easy to get. Miss Warsaw, although a lovely girl, is inclined to be spoiled and used to having what she wants. I should first like to assert my independence, prove who is boss, so it won't be a case of a nobody marrying the boss's daughter. That 's where you come in. You are, as it were, the competition."

"May I ask, Mr. O'Brien, why you couldn't have used one of your outside girl friends ? "

"They would have taken advantage of the opportunity," said George. "I 'm sure you won't, Miss Hartney. Not at time-and-a-half."

"And you, of course, won't take advantage of *your* opportunity," said Miss Hartney. "Otherwise the rates go up to treble time."

Betty Warsaw arrived the next morning, and as she stepped off the 'plane at Kingsford Smith Airport, her blonde hair tight like a silver cap around her head, George felt the same old pigeon fluttering in his breast. "Some dish, eh ? " he said to Miss Hartney beside him.

"Dim the glint in your eye, Mr. O'Brien," said Miss Hartney. "I 'm your dish, remember ? "

"Of course," said George and took her arm. "By the way, what 's your first name ? "

"Jan," said Miss Hartney. "Let 's go, George, darling."

BETTY was obviously pleased to see George. She had thrown her arms about his neck and kissed him twice before she noticed he was arm-in-arm with Miss Hartney.

"Oh, excuse me," she said, and stepped back. "I didn't realise you were with George."

"Hello," said Miss Hartney, and George absent-mindedly noted how nice her smile was. "I 'm Jan Hartney. Welcome to Australia."

"Yes, welcome," said George, and leaned toward Betty. Then he looked at Miss Hartney. "Do you mind ? "

"Go ahead," said Miss Hartney, and looked critically at the material in Betty's suit while its wearer was being welcomed

by George. "That's a nice weave. Something from Lanc-York?"

"It's a sample of next year's autumn special," said Betty, when she could get her lips away from George's. "My, I'm glad to be here!"

George felt a tug on his coat-tails and leaned back away from Betty. He looked at Miss Hartney, his eyes glinting like flying saucers, and said: "Betty and I are old friends."

"I didn't think you were strangers," said Miss Hartney. "Well, I have to go. I'm sure you and Miss Warsaw have lots of Lanc-York business to talk over. 'Bye, George, darling." She stood on tip-toe and kissed him, not quite as ardently as Betty had, but with a certain air of possessiveness. "And good-bye, Miss Warsaw. Have a pleasant stay. Call me at home, George."

Then she had gone out to the taxi rank, and George was ushering Betty towards his car.

"Who's she?" said Betty.

"Who, Jan?" said George and laughed carelessly. "Oh, just a girl I know."

"You seem to know her pretty well."

"Well, a man gets lonely," said George. "I can't spend all my time poring over a wool bale. How's business, by the way?"

They walked out on to the terrace of the hotel where they had had dinner, and looked across at the Blue Mountains.

" How would I know ? " said Betty. " I didn't come all this way, George, to talk about wool. Is that all I inspire in you—how 's business ? "

" I am more inspired toward a sonnet," said George, then put the brakes on : he was supposed to be playing hard to get. " These Australian girls go for poetry."

" What 's-her-name didn't strike me as the poetic type," said Betty.

" She 's not," said George, and rolled his eyes. " I don't waste poetry on her."

" Don't waste it on me, either," said Betty. " I 've got just three weeks here, George darling. We 've got five years to make up."

George raced his engine in his eagerness, then he had set the gears in the proper place and had moved the car off towards town. The rest of the day was a whirl, with Betty hanging on his arm and every word, and when he finally took her back to his flat for dinner he had the feeling that five years had been wiped off the slate like last season's wool prices.

THE restaurant in the block of flats had sent up a fine dinner and everything was going smoothly when the doorbell rang. It was Miss Hartney, dolled up like a glamour wool advertisement.

" George, darling, you 're not ready ! " She kissed him on the cheek and floated into the apartment. Then she pulled up short at the sight of Betty. " Oh, I 'm sorry. Am I interrupting a business dinner ? "

" We 'd have been down to business in another hour," Betty muttered, then looked at George. " You didn't tell me you had a date, George, darling."

" It slipped my mind," George said, and raised his hands towards Miss Hartney's throat ; wisdom overcame desire, and he took her face in his hands and kissed her. " Where were we going, Jan ? "

" To the Bijou," Miss Hartney said. " To see the new thing that opened last night."

" I can't leave Miss Warsaw," George said gallantly. " I 'm afraid this is pretty embarrassing."

" Bring her with us," said Miss Hartney, as if Betty were a babe in arms for whom they couldn't find a sitter. " Use your influence. You can get an extra ticket."

" How many have we now ? " said George.

" Two," said Miss Hartney, and held them up.

Betty was interested in this local custom. " Do you Australian girls always buy the tickets and call for your men ? "

" Not always," said Miss Hartney. " But George needs to be encouraged."

George called the theatre, managed to get three seats together, and he and the two girls went to see a show for which the author should have been shot. George sat between the two girls and as soon as the lights went down each girl grabbed one of his hands. He tried to retrieve the hand Miss Hartney held, but she hung on like a politician canvassing votes. Betty, on the other hand, was warm and encouraging as a fiancée. That gave George (*Continued on page* 68)

Miss Hartney held up the tickets. " Shall we need a third ? " she said, and looked at Betty.

*Why not have your*

# *Baby in the Home?*

*by*

*Martha Coalport*

THE Government circular issued in July, 1951, by the Ministry of Health laid down a new policy encouraging expectant mothers to have their babies at home in preference to hospital. The recommendation was limited to normal cases and did not include those where special medical attention might be necessary.

In January of last year a further report was issued recommending that the maternity grant for mothers confined at home should become £6 in place of £4 exclusive of certain other allowances.

All this seems a little bewildering to women who, for years past, have been subject to propaganda on all sides for the advantages of the hospitals over the home for a confinement. These advantages, so it was said, embraced medical equipment; operating theatre service; on-the-spot doctors and specialists as well as day and night nursing facilities. The temporary escape from home responsibilities was thought to be an additional advantage of no mean calibre.

It is not to be wondered at if women are asking now "are we to suppose that this was all nonsense?"

Miss Eve Chetwynd gave me the answer.

As a highly experienced midwife and District Tutor of a leading training school for midwives she has delivered more babies than she could count.

IT is her view that as times and circumstances change ideas and judgments must be adjusted at the same pace. There are many reasons, she points out, why the advantages which the hospital once enjoyed have diminished in the face of progress outside.

To begin with the development of anti-natal care cuts to a minimum the possibility of the unforeseen complication. Secondly, the increasing efficiency and speed of transport services bring the hospital Flying Squad Blood Transfusion service to the door in a matter of minutes following a telephone summons when an emergency *does* arise. In any case progress in radiology and pathology now render the unforeseen emergency more rare.

These facts, in themselves, narrow the gap between the advantages of the hospital and the home for accouchement.

It must be admitted, too, that fashion influences everything, even having a baby. Just as forty years ago it was considered rather unseemly for the gently bred woman to breast feed her child so it was thought in middle-class circles a mere twenty years ago to be a little *infra dig* to have one's baby at home. Even hospitals were frowned upon. The private nursing home then seemed the only correct thing.

All these convictions were no doubt sincerely held at the time but that does not make them right today.

SO, in the light of medical and scientific development today, it is generally held that any mother can safely bear her child in her own home providing there are no medical complications and that the accommodation there is adequate.

The fully trained midwife who is invariably in attendance today is qualified to act in all straightforward cases whether a doctor is present or not. Her training equips her to foresee complications, if any, far enough ahead to call in medical aid where it might be necessary.

When I asked Miss Chetwynd her view on getting the mother away from the responsibilities of home during labour and convalescence she expressed her opinion that it depends very much upon individual circumstances. Some women, as she points out, will worry more when they are away from home than when they are there. Others can throw off the cares of the home and enjoy the peace of a week or ten days which they can look upon as "my time off." But on the whole, most married people prefer to be together at this time.

"Can I stay under the care of my own doctor; still attend the pre-natal clinic and use the services of the district midwife for my confinement at home?" is a question that is now often asked. The answer is "Yes."

The visiting midwife keeps in touch with the patient throughout pregnancy and expects to be summoned as soon as first labour pains commence.

She insists that she is a public servant, ready to serve at all times, in all places. She is as much in demand with the middle-income groups as in those below. Her abilities and the service she renders are comparable in every way with those of a hospital nurse and she is equipped by the State Health Service in such a way as to enable her to give relief from pain equally with a hospital.

*For years past we have been encouraged to believe that the best place for babies to be born was in hospital. Now the Government are encouraging women to have their babies at home. Which is best?*

*Wedding gown by Roecliff and Chapman*

# Fairy Tales Surround The Bride

by Heather Jenner

*Strange lores, age-old customs and beliefs, some of fairytale origin and some of them true, surround the fascinating ritual of the marriage*

"THE Marriage took place——"

Day after day, year after year, uninterrupted by wars and political crises the conventionally worded wedding announcements appear in their customary newspaper columns. But how little these formal lines convey of the pageantry and romance of the marriage ceremony through the centuries, or the persistence of old customs which the ritual of the marriage still embraces.

How many brides going to the altar, for instance, realize that the shower of confetti is a ritual harking back to the days when rice was thrown over the bride to wish her fertility, and that she may bear as many children as grains of rice.

Most of the marriage superstitions do, in fact, deal with either ensuring fertility to the bride or scaring away the evil spirits who were supposed to be especially active towards newly-weds. The best man, for example, was assigned the special job of protecting his friend the bridegroom.

HIS duty was to hover round through the marriage rites and even dress to resemble the groom; in some parts he even slept in the same bed for several nights before the wedding in order to confuse the spirits and to divert their spells.

Bridesmaids, too, dress alike because they used to guard the bride and hope that the spirits would be unable to distinguish the bride from amongst them. It was her attendants' duty to tend the bride for days before the wedding day to see that she was cured of all disfiguring blemishes and ailments before going to the altar.

Today the bride still follows the old superstition and must not see her groom before the ceremony. The origin of this is in far-off days when she was expected to stay in retirement with the women of her family seeing no males, not even her own father and brothers, while her fiancé went around from house to house bidding guests to the feast, and usually imbibing a great deal on his rounds.

The white gown, the veil, the lilies of much-loved tradition are all, of course, symbolic of virginity. Fairly recently in some parts of Germany when a woman married who was no longer a girl, she had to wear a wreath of straw and walk to church without music.

It is expected still of the bride's mother to weep a few discreet tears to see her daughter wed (relieved though she may be to see her offspring settled), but perhaps this little deception is traceable to the days when "marriage by capture" was a common occurrence and the capturer fled with his booty (the bride resisting perhaps only a little), hotly followed by her father and brothers who were pledged to guard their womenfolk along with their cattle and crops and other possessions.

Our modern custom of slipping off to a secret destination for the honeymoon is, of course, a left-over from these stirring events, although most young people imagine they are discreetly forestalling the practical joker.

Wedding presents have, unhappily, suffered a decline. At one time in the East, the bride and groom sat on a raised platform with a huge basket in front of them into which the guests dropped the jewels and bags of gold which were the counterparts of our toast racks and fruit-knives. Even in Victorian times, competition was keen, if not selective, in giving rich gifts. Laid out as they were for inspection, sometimes for days before the wedding, no self-respecting Victorian could take the risk of being outdone.

One of the few surviving old customs still practised in its original form in some parts of Wales is called "Bidding." Families from near and far bring offerings to the young people, but it is regarded as an obligation that they in their turn repay when once they are settled and bidden to the nuptials of the next couple to marry.

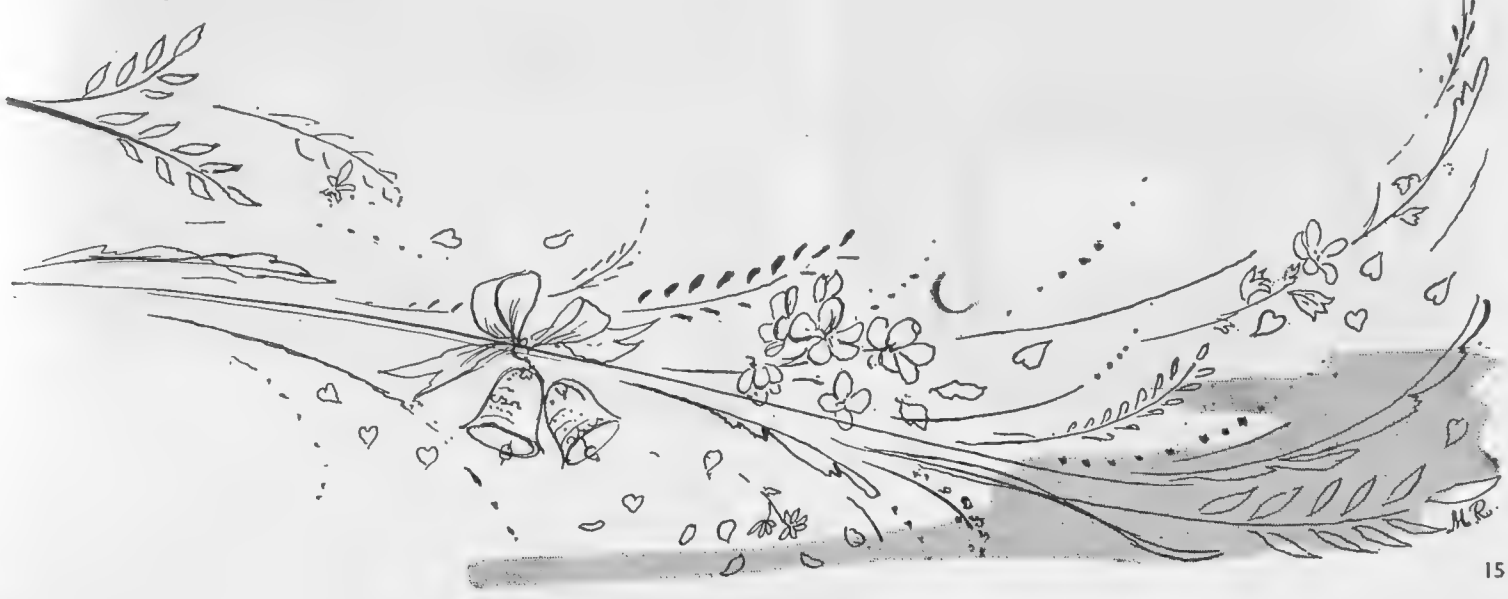
Though present-day fathers may lead their daughter up the aisle with a proud smile, it is only in recent times that the transaction of "giving away" a daughter has been anything but a commercial one. Every father expected a large profit from his daughter—or at least some cattle and a field or two.

It is said that the first wedding ceremony took place many centuries B.C., but at various periods since then in certain groups, living together for a number of years constituted marriage, after which the couple would be accepted as permanently wed.

NUPTIAL feasts, however, have always been a grand excuse for much eating and drinking and singing and dancing. At one time, every event was celebrated by a feast which meant cake and ale, but although we may now drink champagne, or even cocktails, the cake remains in all its glory. All sorts of superstitions still exist about the cake, and some say the idea that to sleep on a slice of wedding cake will enable a maid to dream of her future husband, originates from the time when a love-potion was apt to be added to the mixture.

The girl who catches the bride's bouquet is now claimed as the next on the list, but in country districts of Scotland the bridesmaids wash the bride's feet and scatter soot into the water, dropping a coin in this murky bowl. The first one to find the coin is hailed as the future bride.

We are still thought to be wrong by the people of other lands, in wearing a wedding ring (*Continued on page* 54)



# THE WAY TO CHURCH

By

GARTH CHRISTIAN

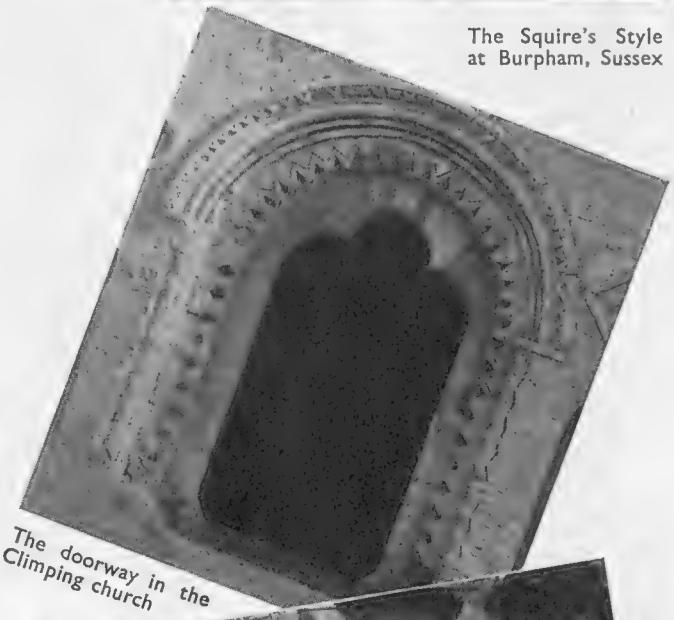
"LET me caution you against ever being in a hurry," wrote the nineteenth-century gardener Loudon, in an article for young gardeners. "Walking fast in the street is a sign of vulgarity. . . . In leaving off working at any job, leave your work and tools in an orderly manner. . . . Lay your implements down parallel to the rows . . . then march regularly down one row to the alley, and along the alley to the path." If even a gardener who well knew his "Chesterfield," insisted on the importance of dignity in the kitchen garden—as if cabbages were particular—how much more vital was it to be solemn and staid when walking to church.

Yet the way to church could not always have been a model of decorum in the days when people like the nuns of Winchester attended church accompanied—to quote William of Wykeham—by "rabbits, hounds and suchlike frivolous creatures." On Palm Sunday, 1950, however, when a housewife escorted her donkey between the beautiful Tudor cottages and through the lychgate into Framfield Church, Sussex, the animal—who remained in the porch until the end of Morning Prayer—was generally judged to have behaved "most reverently."

People of Burpham, Sussex, with a fine Norman church built on to the ruins of a Saxon church, would find it difficult to follow this example. For the church is approached through a strange, square stile specially designed to keep out cattle and other four-hoofed creatures.

That some of our ancestors held strong views on the proper procedure when walking to and from church we know through an odd incident which occurred in the (*Continued on page* 64)

The Squire's Style at Burpham, Sussex



The doorway in the Climping church

Tapsell Gate at East Dean, Sussex. The gate swings back and forth on a central pivot

The lychgate leading to the attractive old church at Pulborough, Sussex

*"I SAY, Mainstairs, that play of your father's is rotten. It won't last a week." A paper was pushed under his nose*

# REALITY AT LAST

By A. G. MORRIS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY S. TRESILIAN

ALAN MAINSTAIR'S study was the centre of a cult. Everything in it was sacred. The great desk. The typewriter. The shaded lamp. The bookshelves and leather chairs.

To this room Alice Mainstairs brought visitors, conferring honour upon them.

"Yes, this is where my husband works."

All of which adulation the celebrity accepted as his due, affecting very much the literary man, with certain foppish eccentricities. A monocle on a broad silk ribbon and buckled shoes for dinner.

There was, in fact, a studied eighteenth-century flavour about the house in Pelham Crescent, where the atmosphere was heightened by a splendid choice of portraits, silver and porcelain.

No wonder that Francis, as a preparatory schoolboy, was immensely proud of his father, who was, according to the cult, not only a great artist but also a very brave man, who had served in the trenches, during the first war, at the age of nineteen. A terrible experience for so sensitive a spirit.

If asked about the war Alan would look grave and speak solemnly :

"I have seen things not good for men to look upon. It is better never to speak of them. . . ."

As a boy of ten Francis heard his father talking, in this strain, to a lady in the drawing-room.

She was reacting perfectly.

"For you, an artist, Mr. Mainstairs ! How searing. . . ."

"True, yet we learn most, dear lady, when the iron bites deep. . . ."

Francis, who had keen eyes, noticed that another man, within earshot, was looking amused.

I wonder? thought Francis, suddenly. Then he was ashamed. Was there not that case of war medals?

HE went to public school just at a time when a play of Alan's was being produced in London. It was something for a boy to boast about. Not every man's father wrote plays ! All the same. . . .

"I say, Mainstairs, that play of your father's is rotten."

"It isn't. It's jolly good. It's wizard."

"It's rotten. It won't run a week. Look at this."

A paper was pushed under his nose.

"I don't care what they say. It's

## Their whole life had been a sham so that their son might have an ideal

*MAINSTAIRS came out of his study and shuffled to the head of the stairs where he halted and spoke in his old vein, "A hint of deception, my dear people. Just a subtle veil of mystery . . ."*

good. . . . All father's plays are good!"

The play was a *fiasco*. At home the painful fact was disguised, as always. Alice wrote to her son: "Your father is withdrawing his play. It is too subtle. The world is not yet ready."

Francis was unsettled. He had boasted of the play and defended it against all comers, with blow and kick, but he had heard the manuscript read aloud, at home, to an admiring clique, and he had not been sure.

"It doesn't sound real. Do people ever talk like that?" There was the measuring rod. Reality, the stuff of life. Francis was beginning to write down things for himself, scraps of stories and poems.

There was a stirring of life in his work, though he had no knowledge of form or technique.

Boys and masters are like that, he thought, they talk and behave like that. . . .

JUST before he was eighteen he finished a book.

It was short and staccato, but it had punch and it had plot. He said not a word to anybody, either at school or at home, but he looked up the address of his father's publisher and he posted the manuscript, in longhand, with a letter enclosed. During the Christmas holidays Francis heard that the book had been accepted, and he could no longer restrain his excitement.

"Mummy, Daddy, I've written something, and it's going to be published!"

There was a *hiatus*, and Francis saw his mother looking anxiously at Alan. She spoke first, carefully, "That's wonderful, darling. What a surprise."

"Something for the school magazine, Francis?" asked Alan.

"No, father. It's a novel. Hendon's are publishing it."

Alan Mainstairs said, "I expect they took it on the strength of my name."

So father and son both had novels published about the same time: and the son's book became a best seller.

Alan became increasingly critical of his son, looking out for signs of conceit and disrespect, which were entirely imaginary.

"I suppose you expect to outstrip your father?"

"I never think of it in that way, Dad. I just want to write as well as I can."

"And, because of this school story, you imagine you can write and I can't. Is that it?"

"I never make comparisons, Dad. We're father and son."

Then Alan Mainstairs put the direct question, "And what do you think of my work?"

Francis was cornered.

"It's very well constructed," he answered, lamely.

Alan went away, to nurse an injury.

"My own son patronizes me."

Over and over again Francis was persecuted in this way, sometimes when others were present.

"This is my son. He's written a book, trading on his father's name, the sly dog." And he would slap the boy on the back, with false *bonhomie*.

It was impossible for Francis to defend himself, with decency, in such circumstances, and the strain was growing all the time.

AT other moments a new line was taken.

"You'll soon be eighteen, Francis, and there's a war on again. I was in the trenches at your age. You'll soon have plenty to think of, besides scribbling."

"I quite understand that, Father."

All through this period of tension Alice Mainstairs was woolly and ineffectual. She could not rid herself of the legend that her husband was a famous man.

She clung to her fixed points.

Alan was a great author. Francis was a schoolboy.

So she still led unwilling visitors to her husband's study, "The desk, my dear, where Alan wrote *The Arch Of Spring* and *Yatton Road!* . . ."

Now there was a new embarrassment. Strangers came and asked for Francis. Inquisitive readers and newspaper men. It confused Mrs. Mainstairs.

"But it is my husband who is the writer. Isn't there some mistake?"

"No, Mrs. Mainstairs, there's no mistake. Your son's book is making a sensation."

Alan caught hold of that word, as a means of saving face. "Sensation. That's it. I've always avoided that. . . ."

It was a relief to Francis when he was called up, during the second war, for his book was not making life easy, either at home or at school.

In the army he made friends and he was treated as a man, on his own merits and without prejudice.

By 1944 he was a sergeant and he was abroad for some sticky fighting in Italy, where he got the Military Medal.

A characteristic letter came from his mother: ". . . we are delighted to hear of your decoration. Your father, of course, was never eligible for this award, as he held commissioned rank. . . ."

Francis laughed and shrugged his shoulders.

THEN, by chance, he came across an elderly quartermaster, who had known Alan Mainstairs in the first war.

"He must have had the hell of a time up the line," said Francis.

"Up the line, eh!" replied the quartermaster, looking straight at Francis.

"Well, he was in the trenches, wasn't he?"

"D'you want it without varnish?"

"Yes."

"Right, then," said the old soldier, "Alan Mainstairs was a good chap, but he never got beyond Rouen. Job at base. Don't blame him, mind you. Blokes get killed in a war."

"That's about it," agreed Francis.

He had a naked vision of his mother's fight to make bricks without straw, to create the legend of the hero and the genius, in order to give her son an ideal.

"My God, what a sham they've lived, those two. For my sake."

NOT long after this Francis was surprised to get a letter in his father's writing: "Your mother was killed in an air raid. If you have time to think of me, in the intervals of collecting decorations. . . ."

Francis wrote instantly, not stopping to weigh his words, "I know all that she meant to you. I can never take her place, but all that I can do for you I will. . . ."

Alan twisted this into an affront.

"He, the son, will do all he can for his father! What patronage! What *largesse!*"

It was after this that Francis saw his father whittled away even a little more.

All the money, all the comforts of home, connected in the boy's mind with success, had come from his mother. Death duties now had to be paid on her estate. To this diminished home, to this dwindling man, Francis returned, after his release from the army.

The first meeting between father and son was typical.

"Well," said Alan, looking at the line of medals on his son's tunic, "Don't expect the fatted calf. We civilians have to tighten our belts. You'll soon find out the difference."

"That won't worry me," said Francis, laughing it off, "I'm sick of uniform. I want to get down to work."

"And for what work are you qualified, may I ask?"

"I'm trying my hand at a play, father. I began roughing it out in Italy."

"I had no time for writing, when I was overseas," said Alan.

Francis was pricked beyond endurance for the moment.

"Not even at Rouen?" he asked.

"What exactly do you imply by that?" said Alan, reddening.

"I'm sorry, Dad. I didn't mean a thing."

"Then choose your words more carefully."

SO the two of them lived alone in Pelham Crescent, looked after, rather less than more, by a housekeeper. Francis suspected that his father sat for hours in his study, drinking, smoking, reading, and writing not one word. He seemed to have lost all power of concentration, moving about uneasily, tinkering with the wireless, rummaging everywhere, even in his son's room.

More than once Francis knew that his desk had been disturbed. The misery of disintegration moved him to great pity.

"I must do something, or he'll break up."

One night he (*Continued on page* 54)

Half-timbered cottages at Finchingfield

The waterfront at Wivenhoe

# THE VILLAGES OF ESSEX

Old cottages and windmill at Thaxted

Maldon, on the Eastern estuaries

The ancient mill and Georgian miller's house at Littlebury

Writtle, a pretty little village round a green

BY CHRISTOPHER TRENT

THE villages of Essex are unique in their combination of rural simplicity and distinctive interest. Essex is traditionally a forgotten county which has gone its own way ever since it was an independent Saxon kingdom. Through the ages it has translated the bounty of nature into economic plenty and has assured a generous livelihood for its people. More recently it has survived unscathed the onslaught of nineteenth-century urban development and the outward progress of London's spreading tentacles.

All these factors are reflected in the character and beauty of the villages. What is more, the villages reflect the history of the county from Saxon times onwards and underline the differences in wealth and prosperity which have been its lot in different ages.

In Saxon times southern Essex was covered by a great forest which rivalled in its extent and wildness the famous forest of the weald in Sussex and Surrey. The Forest of Waltham stretched in a broad belt from the high ground overlooking the valley of the Lea to within sight of the North Sea. Saxon settlement in this vast area of untamed forest land was slow. The more intrepid of the new settlers cleared little patches in the forest called "leighs," set up their homesteads there, and attained a modest self-sufficiency by cultivating the land that they had cleared and driving their swine to feed on acorns and beech masts.

Many Essex village names of today end in "leigh." They all represent what were at first small clearings in the medieval forest. Leigh-on-Sea itself is one of them. Rayleigh and Purleigh are two others which spring to mind. These three are a most interesting (*Continued on page* 58)

# THE GREAT PYRAMID

*The Pharaoh was resolved that nothing should hinder the most grandiose building scheme undertaken in Egypt.*

By ARNOLD WAREING

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT HODGSON

NO story of ancient Egypt can vie with that of Khufu, ruler of the Fourth Dynasty, who came to the throne in the 38th century B.C. This prodigy among Pharaohs, who built the Great Pyramid at Gizeh, owed his ascendancy in the first place largely to a woman—Mertitefs, favourite of his predecessor, Snefru, a dark beauty who smiled on him with her wide, slanting eyes and became his favourite in turn.

He was probably a son of Snefru by a secondary wife of the harem. By singling him out for her favours, Mertitefs, whose influence over the King made her a power behind the throne, not only ensured his succession but her own position in the new reign. Whether she was motivated by love for the young Khufu, who was nearer her own age, or by power and self-interest—possibly by all three—it proved to be a wise course, for we are told that she lived to enjoy the rewards of her prudence to a ripe old age.

The Fourth Dynasty flowered in one of the most splendid periods of early Egyptian history. No wars had afflicted the country since the civil war under the Second Dynasty. There had been time to develop the arts of peace and amass wealth by commerce, which Snefru fostered by building a fleet of river vessels to trade with the Phœnicians.

One handicap to progress, however, was the power of the priests, who dominated the people and exacted tribute. Sacrifices had to be made to the gods, shrines and temples endowed for the worship of dead kings, offerings bestowed on dead nobles, and land and property for these endowments were becoming the vested monopoly of both royal and private priesthoods.

Khufu curbed this power by closing the temples of the gods and restricting priestly practices, for he feared that the endless tributes and sacrifices shortened the people's capacity for work. Journeying through the towns and villages of his Nile kingdom, he saw how heavily the temple dues victimised the people. For this the priests hated and reviled him, describing him as a barbarous tyrant and slave-driver addicted to "all kinds of wickedness." His people hated him, they

Mertitefs smiled on Khufu with her wide, slanting eyes, and became his favourite, thus ensuring her position in the new reign.

said, and avoided uttering his name long after his death.

Tyrant or not, he intended that nothing should hamper the labour of his subjects on the most grandiose building scheme ever attempted by any Pharaoh. He had inherited from the Third Dynasty a new form of religion, the worship of the sun-god Re. With this had come the practice of mummification, preserving the body with spices, and enshrining it in a pyramid tomb.

SNEFRU had built one about forty miles south of Cairo in his private estate, Ded-Snefru, now Medum, and another at Dahshur. He, Khufu, would build one vaster than any hitherto known. Not merely from kingly vanity, but because it ensured immortality, life after death. Only if the body was preserved, safe from decay, interference and pillage, could the spirit continue to rule from the underworld, having a separate existence and influencing the affairs of men.

He chose for the site a limestone plateau within view of the temple of the sun at On, some miles across the Nile, backed by desert cliffs, the fields and palm groves of the river valley, and to the south-east the white houses and temples of Memphis amid green fields.

The base of the pyramid covered 13.1 acres. The sides measured more than the present 755 ft., tapering to a height of 480 ft. The 2,000,000 huge blocks of limestone averaged 2½ tons; some weighed 30 tons and more. The structure comprised 85,000,000 cub. ft. of solid masonry, the greatest mass ever built by human hands. And the lower courses of the exterior casing were so expertly hewn and laid that the joints were only one ten thousandth of an inch wide.

Napoleon is said to have sat at the foot of this Great Pyramid and calculated that the stone in it would build a wall round France 10 ft. high and 1 ft. thick.

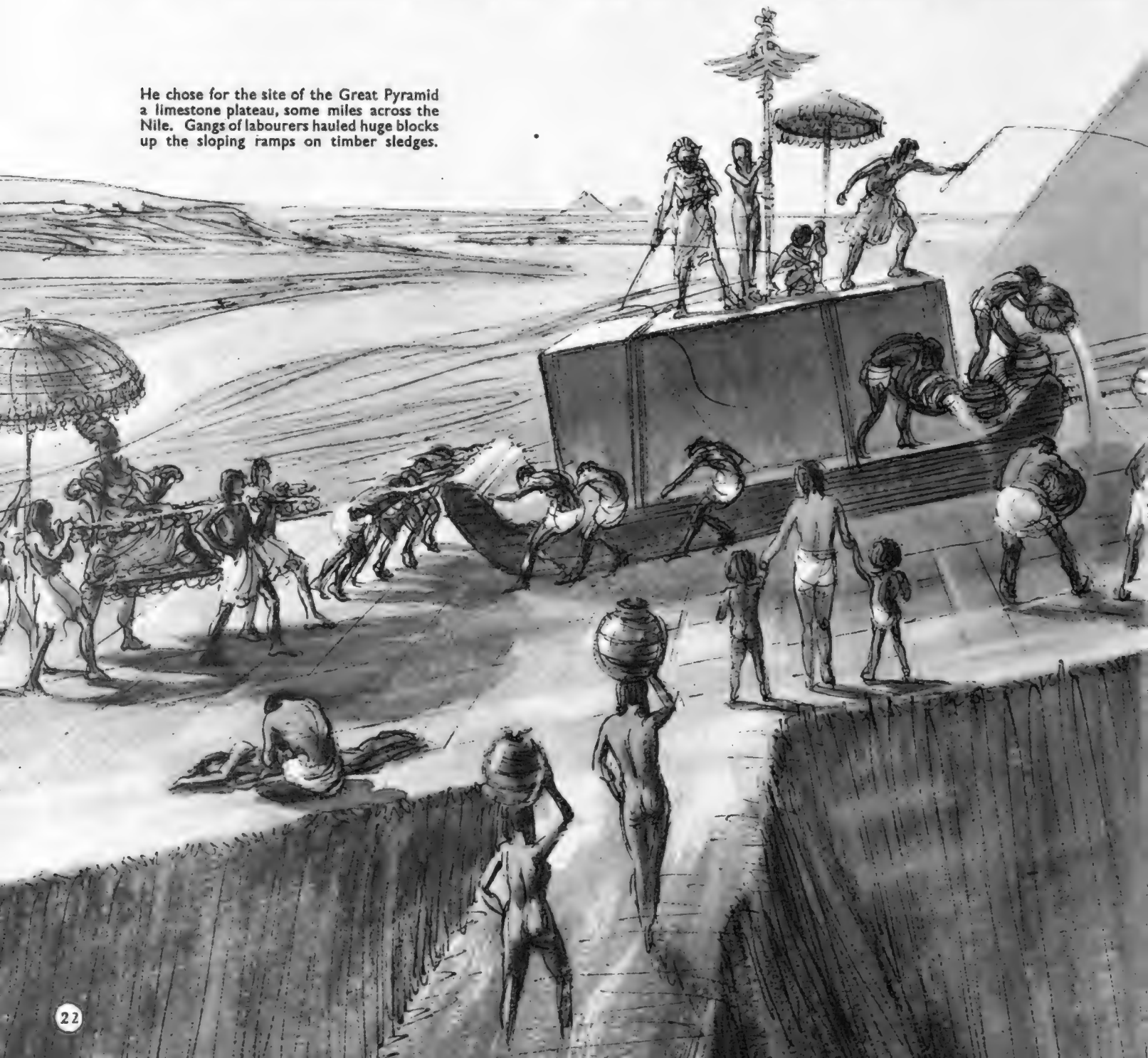
Herodotus stated that it took twenty years to build; the causeway leading to it, ten years. During the three months of summer inundation, when the rising of the Nile released abundant peasant labour, Khufu employed some 100,000 on the work; during the rest of the year only specialised craftsmen on routine tasks.

The stone, quarried on the opposite bank of the Nile, had to be loaded on to rafts and floated across. Working most of the year, the few thousand quarrymen hewed enough to provide about 100,000 blocks each season, 2,000 a week, 300 per day while the building progressed.

FROM the rafts they were hauled along the causeway and up sloping earth ramps to the pyramid site on timber sledges drawn by gangs of labourers straining at palm-fibre ropes who used levers and rollers to prise them into place. Each gang of about thirty men probably took two days to haul a block into position. Twenty or so ramps served each side of the pyramid; thirty gangs at a time might be moving slowly up the main path, one behind the other, dragging the sledges over a surface made slippery with water.

All the time they sang in chorus, beating out the rhythm of the task with stamping and clapping, while the overseers stood by, cracking their whips and urging them on with shouts and threats.

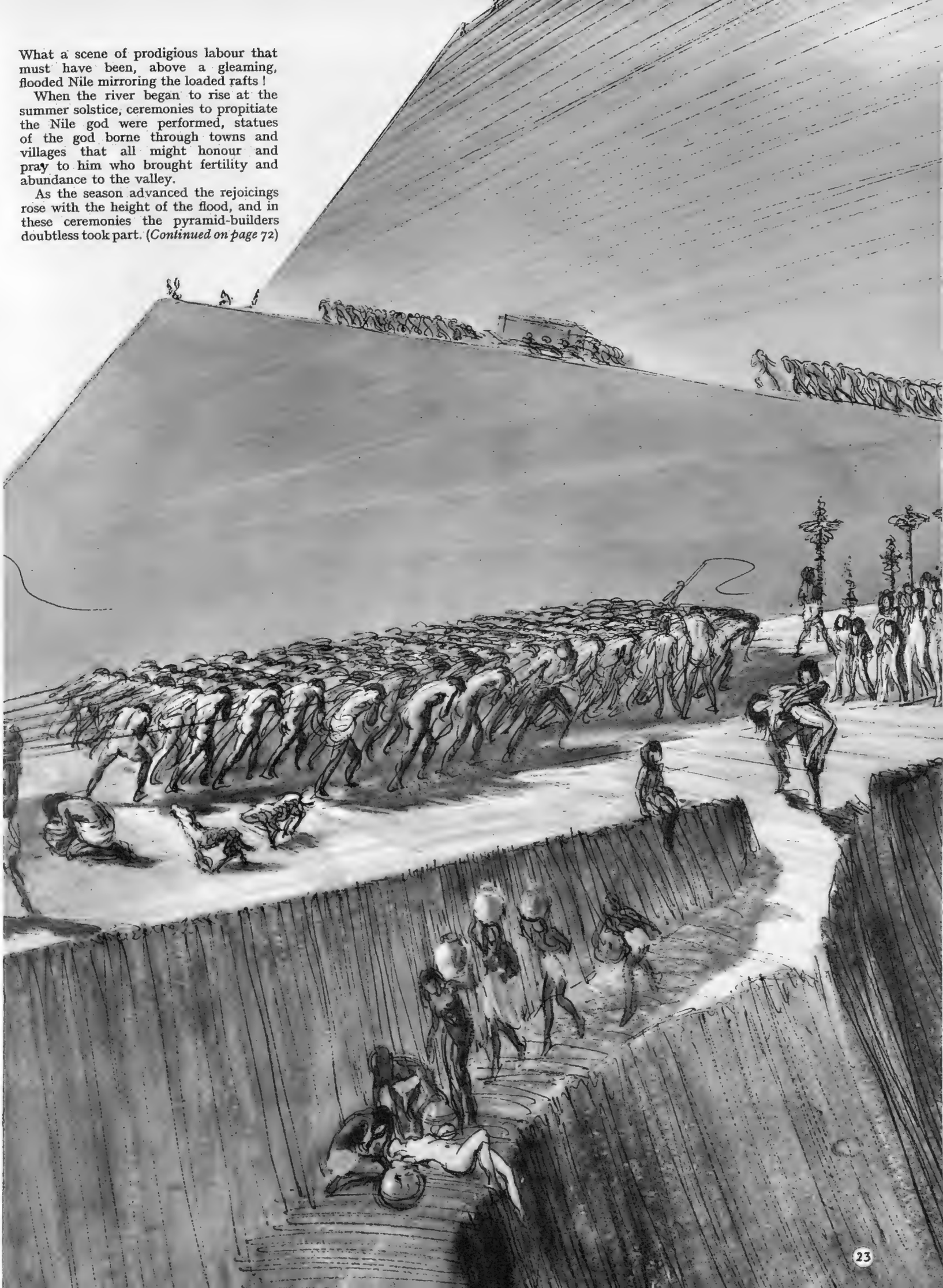
He chose for the site of the Great Pyramid a limestone plateau, some miles across the Nile. Gangs of labourers hauled huge blocks up the sloping ramps on timber sledges.

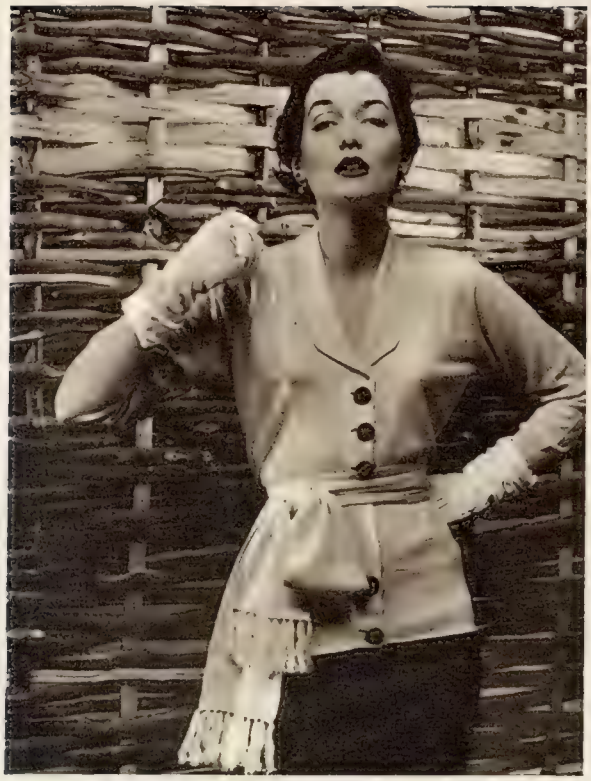


What a scene of prodigious labour that must have been, above a gleaming, flooded Nile mirroring the loaded rafts!

When the river began to rise at the summer solstice, ceremonies to propitiate the Nile god were performed, statues of the god borne through towns and villages that all might honour and pray to him who brought fertility and abundance to the valley.

As the season advanced the rejoicings rose with the height of the flood, and in these ceremonies the pyramid-builders doubtless took part. (*Continued on page 72*)





The Countess de la Falaise, sought-after by fashion magazines as a model for contemporary clothes, has the attraction which is compounded of elegance as much as any perfection of features.

History has not recognised the maturer woman's claim to beauty, but to-day, silvering hair, porcelain complexion and the poise which comes only with years, are acceptable in their own right.

The dark and wide-eyed beauty of Fiona Campbell-Walter has made her one of the top fashion models at twenty. Photographers acclaim her as the exemplification of current tastes.

# *The Time And The Face*

EVERY era makes its own assessment of feminine beauty: our own, no less than former ones, does homage to the type of beauty which current taste and fashions have made its own.

If portraits tell us anything, we should find little to commend in features which the first Elizabethans delighted in, but times and faces—and even opinions—change. Once beauty was as Nature fashioned it. To-day it is as Nature wills after the beautician, the cosmetician and the current movie stars have left their stamp.

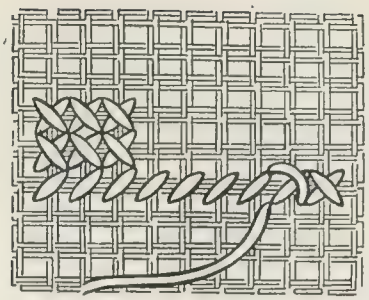
We consider that the faces shown here will be looked upon in the distant future as typical of the beauty which characterises the new Elizabethan era.

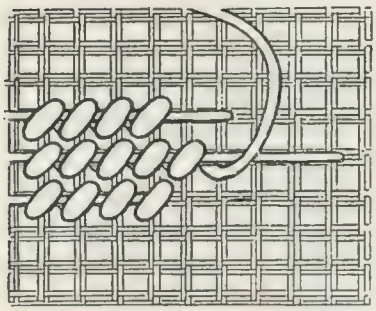
The face of the moment—wide-eyed and wistful—the Elizabeth Taylor look sets the current standard of beauty in younger circles and provides the model for a million teenage countenances

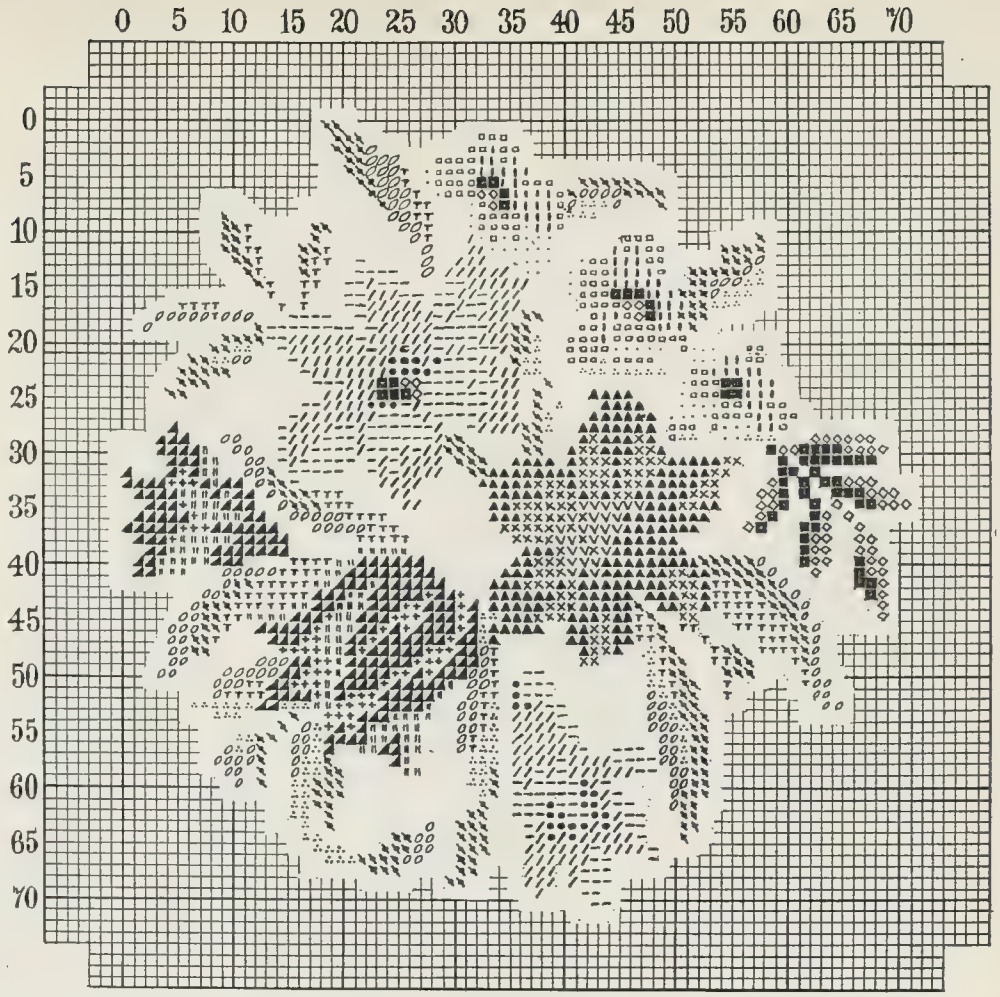
*This handsome rug has six panels each with a different flower motif. Working charts for two, which are as much as the average embroiderer will attempt, are given here. The motif charted in colour on this page is in the bottom left panel of the rug, that in black and white opposite is seen in the bottom centre panel*

# MOTIFS

ONLY the more ambitious needlewoman will attempt a rug of such fine tapestry embroidery as the one photographed above, but the two motifs for which we have given working charts are equally suitable for the average embroiderer to work as chair seats, cushions or a firescreen








*For those who intend to work directly from this diagram, the surrounding graph will assist in calculations. To simplify work on the coloured chart, superimpose it on the above graph*

# TO WORK IN WOOL

THE two charts given have been worked out on the basis of a twenty-seven inch tapestry canvas. Each motif, not including background filling, measures seven inches square when completed.

The whole rug, with its six motifs, if worked on the fine tapestry canvas, measures one and a half yards in length and twenty-seven inches wide, taking ten squares to one inch. The rug can be worked either in separate panels of thirteen inches square, which are afterwards joined, or, alternatively, in one piece.

Quantities of tapestry wool for working can be estimated at one hank (about fourpence each) for each colour used in the motif and four quarter-pound hanks of background colour. Six small hanks of natural wool will be needed for the division of the rug panels which consist of six rows each.

These quantities are necessarily approximate, as various makes of wool vary in yardage per pound as does the tension at which different people work.

So far as the background colour is concerned—this is the largest quantity of a single colour—it is advisable to ask the retailer to put aside two extra hanks in case of need. Most shopkeepers are ready to do this.

Cross stitch is recommended for making the rug on fine canvas. This is less likely to pull to one side even on a frame than Gobelin. Cushions and chair seats can be worked in the latter stitch which is shown in the lower diagram above.

If the rug is worked as a whole, begin with the dividing lines in natural colour to define the panels. It is important to work in the same direction throughout. Work thirty or forty rows of background first, then follow the chart stitch by stitch—one square to a stitch—keeping the background even at each side. (*Continued on page 71*)

**KEY TO CHART ABOVE**

| | |
|---|---|
| I | BLUE |
| • | LIGHT BLUE |
| □ | VERY LIGHT BLUE |
| ● | DARK MAUVE |
| / | MAUVE |
| — | VERY LIGHT MAUVE |
| + | DARK ROSE |
| ◢ | LIGHT ROSE |
| II | VERY LIGHT ROSE |
| ▲ | LIGHT CINNAMON |
| X | LIGHT BEIGE |
| ■ | MID GOLD |
| ◇ | DARK GOLD |
| V | DARK WINE RED |
| T | NIGGER BROWN |
| ∴ | MOSS BROWN |
| O | LIGHT MOSS BROWN |
| ↘ | LIGHT GREY |

BACKGROUND — ALL SQUARES LEFT BLANK. ROYAL BLUE — 1722

# CALLING ALL

CLARE WALLACE said "Goodbye" to the last of her tea-party guests with a bright smile and a black conscience. It had been fun while it lasted—the feminine chit-chat, the gossip and the laughter. But now—too late—she was counting her calories and the total filled her with depression.

To her jaundiced eye the table, with its greasy crumpet dish (she'd eaten two!) and the sad ruins of a chocolate cream cake, looked rather like a battlefield. The scene of yet another battle with greed that she had lost without even putting up a fight.

Sighing at her own frailty she began to pack the cups and saucers on the tray. Tomorrow she would make a fresh start. No starches—not even a potato. No sugar in her tea. . . .

The telephone rang and she eyed it dubiously. It might be Max, a little worried because this had threatened to be one of her "bad" days—or it might be Beth, full of sisterly criticism and advice.

The things Beth had said on her last visit still rankled. "Your figure is getting positively *lumpy*, Car," had been her opening gambit, followed up by the case histories of wives who had let themselves go—and whose husbands had likewise gone. Reluctantly Clare lifted the receiver.

"Is this the home of Mr. Max Wallace?" a throaty, feminine voice inquired. A voice with a husky lilt to it, a fascinating hint of an accent.

"It is," Clare said, pleasantly.

"Then," cried the woman, with a show of impatience—"may I speak with Mr. Wallace, please?"

WITH no perceptible loss of geniality Clare explained that Max was delayed at the office—a late conference. She added; blandly: "I am Mrs. Wallace. Can I help you in any way?"

"Oh-h-h—his wife!" the voice exclaimed, nonplussed, "—you are his *wife*?"

"That's right," Clare said firmly, "his wife."

The silence lasted so long that Clare began to wonder whether the woman at the other end of the line had fainted. She hadn't. She said, quite gaily: "Then I must tell you that I am an old friend of Max, on a visit here after fifteen years. All this time I have not heard from him, and then—imagine this, if you please!—there he stands outside the station at Hampstead, early yesterday morning. But I am in a car and I am whisked away. I inquire everywhere and someone gives me his number. . . ." The line vibrated to a laugh. "You do understand how exciting this is for me?"

"But—of course," Clare said, feeling that she understood only too well.

"And best of all," confided That Woman (already she had achieved this distinction in Clare's mind), "after all these years Max looks exactly the same. Seeing him like that—it is so wonderful for me—I felt I must speak with him again. You are sure—quite sure you understand this feeling that I have . . . ?"

"Why, naturally, I understand," Clare said, sounding very unnatural indeed, "and I am sure Max will be delighted to hear from you again. What did you say your name was?"

"Oh—but, of course!" exclaimed the hateful, fascinating voice. "I am now Mrs. Ebert. I was Erica Muller in the old days. Max has spoken of me, perhaps?"

"Indeed, he has," Clare lied, politely. "I've heard so much about you. Ring again later in the evening. Any time after nine. . . ."

CLARE banged the receiver down. She had never heard of That Woman until now. "Let's observe a decent reticence about our old loves," Max had said, the first time he'd kissed her, "it's the future that matters." And content with present bliss, she had agreed.

Automatically her hand reached out for a *marron glacé*. As though the box had turned into a nest of vipers she snatched her hand back again. There had been too much nibbling between too many meals. And now retribution was at hand. That Woman, with her disturbing voice was coming back into Max's life. She sounded slim and blonde and dangerously alluring. Not the type to be put off by the prior claims of a mere wife. A lumpy wife at that, with a figure resembling a mattress tied up in the middle with string. The description was Beth's, and Clare could imagine her saying, years and years after the divorce: "I did my best. You can't say you weren't warned. . . ."

Clare gave a little groan. If Max wanted his freedom she wouldn't stand in the way of his happiness. She loved him too much to see him fretting out his

*SHE sat on the arm of his chair, thinking how tired he looked, how inexpressibly dear.*

# WIVES

A Complete Short Story by Laurel Pascal

heart for another woman. But what would she say to the children—and who would take custody—that was the term, wasn't it?—of Chang the dog, and Milky the cat?

Shivering a little she jumped to her feet and began pacing up and down the comfortable room that seemed now to mock her with its suggestion of everyday normality and permanence. Even the baby grand piano with its closed lid, added a dumb reproach to her misery. She hadn't played for months, nor had she entertained Max's friends or clients, or responded to his invitations to go up West and have fun.

There was an excuse for everything. Sick headaches for fending off social engagements—vague symptoms of ill-health for dodging any event that threatened to winkle her out of the comfortable shell of her home.

SHE stopped and stared at her reflection in the mirror between the windows. That Woman had said that Max still looked exactly the same. It wasn't quite true, of course, but she knew what the creature meant. He still had the old debonair way of wearing his clothes—and his figure was still good.

No—she was the one who had altered. Although she was nearly ten years younger than Max, no one would guess it, now. As Beth said (what a sister!) if she got much fatter people would begin thinking she was his dear old mother. She sniffed with self-pity and self-disgust. No wonder Max wanted to leave her—no wonder he was bored by his dull home life and his fat, dowdy old wife. . . .

Chang scratched at the door and she hurried to let him in. Not so long ago he had been a fine young Pekinese in the prime of life. Now he was fat and inclined to wheeze. She bent and stroked his table-top back. "That Woman had better have you, too," she told him brokenly, "I've been a bad mistress to you, Chang."

It seemed long dreary hours before she heard Max's firm step, his key in the lock. She rushed to greet him, threw herself into his arms: "Oh—darling! How late you are!"

He laughed down at her. "Steady on, dear—you nearly had me over. You're getting a big girl, now!"

She drew back, looking stricken. "I don't call that very funny."

Still grinning he threw an arm around her shoulders. "What is all this? Don't tell me you were lonely?"

"Well, I was. I thought you'd never get here."

HALF playfully he laid a cool hand against her forehead. "Sure you're feeling alright? Not sickening for a cold or something?"

She shook her head, smiling back at him but with a little niggling sensation of shame. It was a long time since she had given him such a demonstrative welcome. For months—or was it years?—her nightly greeting had been like a gramophone record:

What sort of day did you have, dear?

Any excitements at the office?

Where did you have your lunch?

And half the time she didn't even listen to his good-natured replies. Did he know that, she wondered? (*Continued on page* 66)

*THE two women in his life hung on his arms. Together they laughed until they cried, and Max's laughter was undisguised*

*Illustrations by A. Howat*

# Pot Luck

Billbergia

These attractive painted metal plant pot baskets can be bought in various sizes

Begonia Rex

SO much praise has been lavished on the indoor gardens of America and the Scandinavian countries, that we are apt to overlook the fact that the art of growing plants in living-rooms has been successfully practised by the English cottager for generations. All over Britain, to the admiration of visitors, tiny cottage windows burgeon each year with a rich display of pelargoniums, fuchsias, cyclamen and begonias.

Fortunately, indoor plants have now been awarded their rightful place in modern interior decoration and a good nurseryman can offer the pot gardener an almost bewildering variety from which to choose. They come in sizes to suit all rooms, and at prices to suit all pockets.

As a sign of the times, even the irrepressible aspidistra, Victorian symbol of domestic respectability, has made a triumphant appearance in many Mayfair drawing-rooms. Practically indestructible, the interior decorator has found its handsome severity of form a piquant contrast to plushy "period" or severely functional rooms.

Whatever one's taste in home decoration, there is nothing to compare with plants for bringing life and vitality into the home, and for gracefully bridging the gap between the indoor and the outdoor world.

Glass shelves full of creeping and trailing plants can transform a window with an ugly view, while a pot of Pittsburgh ivy, or a tumbling cascade of *Philodendron metallicus* against a light-toned wall is a revelation of the beauty and fascination of natural form.

Florists' plants, the sort one receives as presents, are not, properly speaking, house plants at all but hot-house darlings ill-suited to the rigours of ordinary life. Some, however, if treated for a while as pampered pets, can be gradually coaxed into a state of robust health, and will flower for years.

CYCLAMEN should be watered only from the saucer and the corm protected by a paper sheath when the leaves are sprayed. When the flowers fade and the stalk softens, they should be pulled out with one sharp tug. Never subject them to blazing sunlight, and at the end of the flowering season give them a well-earned rest in a cool, dark place. Water only once a month. Given this respite, your plant can be re-potted in August and put on a window-sill as a prelude to another season's flowering.

Many plants appreciate a rest period in the garden during summer and where this is possible the pots should be sunk into the soil. Failing a garden, daily airings on balcony or roof-garden is a help, but if your indoor garden is strictly confined to a window-sill, spraying foliage (a scent-spray will do) and occasionally sponging fleshy-leaved plants will keep your collection in good heart during the summer months.

Another tonic treatment for jaded plants is a week's rest-cure in the bathroom—providing there's no geyser. In fact, many plants thrive so abundantly in the steamy jungle atmosphere and look so delightful, that you might feel like putting up a glass shelf for a permanent bathroom display. Better still, you could install your own Babylonian hanging garden in the form of a trellis of white iron, to which pots are hung at your fancy.

Trailing begonias would add a colourful zest to your bath-time, and bloom magnificently. Begonia Rex also enjoys the Turkish bath atmosphere, while *B. foliosa* or *B. Feastii* would provide a canopy of flowers and leaves.

There are so many attractive stands, pot-holders and window boxes on the market that it is possible for you to add to the decorative effect of your plants by displaying them to suit each room. Where there is sufficient space (*Continued on page* 62)

*Growing potted plants successfully indoors is less a matter of luck than knowing how to treat them*

Elizabeth Barrett, with Flush, from an unpublished water colour by her brother Alfred, 27 September, 1843

The Duchess of Portsmouth. Painting by Pierre Mignard

The story of The Mayflower, as told by the men themselves in Ernest Gébler's "Plymouth Adventure," makes vivid and dramatic reading

# *Books:*

## *Reviewed by Trevor Allen*

STRANGE are the ways of the great. I have just seen Ibsen titivating his hair and whiskers in a mirror concealed in his huge top hat; Toulouse-Lautrec tickling a lady's bare feet for hours on end with a paint-brush and sitting on his bed firing a revolver at a spider spinning its web on the wall; Diaghilev behaving like a madman at news of the marriage of his protégé Nijinsky, and two of his rival *devotées*—Serge Lifar, Boris Kochno—rolling on the floor, fighting like wild beasts by his deathbed. These and countless other revelations are in **"Two Or Three Muses"** (Museum Press, 18s.), the memoirs of Misia Sert, wife of the Spanish painter Jose-Maria, former wife of Alfred Edwards, rich Parisian newspaper-owner and industrialist. She knew all the famous French writers, painters, musicians; lived love-dramas as lurid as any in novels; writes of them with emotional frankness in this record of an astonishing life.

BEBE DANIELS and Ben Lyon have had something of a life, too, though in a vastly different *milieu*. Both were hardy troupers before they came here in their early thirties to make films, star in variety, boom in *Hi-Gang*!, and feature the family in their present show. When Bebe was born of repertory folk in Dallas, Texas, her pa took one look at her and wanted to rush out for a drink; a week or two later her Uncle Harry was burbling: "Just look at her cute little face. It's got more dimples on it than a golf-ball!" To give her a greasepaint christening, Pa carried her on-stage in the current play, and she grabbed his nose so fiercely that he had to ad lib: "Let go, you little son-of-a-gun!" while the audience rocked. Here with a feast of Hollywood stories and smiles for their fans in scores of photographs, is their robustly human autobiography: **"Life With The Lyons"** (Odhams, 16s.).

RUPERT CROFT-COOKE'S **"The Life For Me"** (Macmillan, 18s.) is in a six-roomed Georgian cottage at Ticehurst. Sick of postwar Bloomsbury and London generally, he resolved to go silly-Sussex, and now divulges all the practical details of homemaking, gardening, and country-living. So far he sees no reason to repent at leisure what he acquired in haste. Other country-yearners may profit by his experience, which he records with charm and skill.

RONALD DUNCAN'S choice was a derelict watermill on the North Devon coast where "wild sage and thyme made the cliffs smell like a Harris tweed." With its thatch slipping over its eaves it looked "rather like a drunken charwoman," but there he settled, finding treasure-trove on the shore, including—from one wreck—eighty gallons of good wine, before taking a nearby farm. **"Where I Live"** (Museum Press, 15s.) is a forthright farmer's account of the country and people—e.g., the Swimbridge vicar, who told a prospective curate who'd failed to follow him on horseback: "If you can't leap a five-barred gate like that, I'm sure you can't preach a sermon. Goodbye."

THE U.S. open spaces with their wild life seem to be Edwin Way Teale's home in **"The Lost Woods"** (Hale, 21s.). With a naturalist's passion he describes everything from a snake-fight to the great wood ibis colonies. His human encounters include a woman, bundled in sweaters and white oilcloth, who spent more than a thousand evenings watching a beaver pond under the Adirondacks and becoming such friends with the beavers that they came when called and ate out of her hand. His close-up photographs of creatures and their haunts illustrate an absorbing narrative. (*Continued on page 72*)

## CHOICE OF THE MONTH

### *Contrasting Lives*

MANY young women today seem to share a revived interest in E. B. B.'s poetry. To them, especially, I commend Dorothy Hewlett's **"Elizabeth Barrett Browning"** (Cassell, 25s.), a 350-page biography so detailed and thorough that we learn, for instance, that at Pisa she slept soundly on an uncomfortable bed stuffed with orange-tree shavings! Her father was not the domineering ogre of legend but essentially a fine character loved and respected by his children, to be pitied rather than wholly blamed, and not to be judged by our standards. In other respects the approach confirms Betty Miller's recent book, and merits earnest, not casual, study. It is produced and illustrated with taste and dignity.

OF Charles II's mistresses Barbara Villiers has attracted most limelight. In **"The Life And Times Of The Duchess Of Portsmouth"** (Elek, 18s.) Jeanine Delpech focuses it sympathetically on Breton-born Louise de Keroualle and persuades us that she was no mere intriguer for the French king but really loved Charles. At the core of Court life in a loose, licentious period, she is a dazzling, provoking figure whose fortunes one follows with a shamelessly prying interest!

*CHARLETT sat facing her mother, perched on the edge of a chair*

*Adhering to the manual on etiquette would never be Charlett's idea of romance*

# *Mamma Knows best*

*by*

*Catherine Gayton*

"DO you—do you *command* me to marry this Mr. Orr-Williams, Mamma?"

The Lady Arabella Daintree, thus addressed, drew her gold vinaigrette from her velvet reticule and, by taking a number of deep sniffs at its astringent contents, reinforced herself for this most unexpectedly distressing interview. Really, Charlett's conduct was unpardonable! A look of annoyance crossed her ladyship's classic features, famed for their high-bred beauty; but those features lost nothing of their high-bred air of complete and unquestioned authority. Indeed, her lips gained in firmness, giving her ladyship a look of—if one dared the comparison!—positively mulish obstinacy.

Oddly enough, just such a look was reflected (dutifully, maybe!) on the face of Lady Arabella's daughter, who was seated opposite her mother's *chaise-longue*—perched, rather, on the extreme edge of a stiff-brocaded chair, her mittened hands folded in her lap, her small feet in black kid sandals placed neatly together. Such was the attitude of decorous submission which daughters were required to assume when attending to the wisdom dropped like pearls from the lips of their mammas. This submission has been well grounded into Charlett by repeated slaps from her governess, Miss Grimmer; but poor Miss Grimmer, model of deportment though she was, and having by heart the Eighty Maxims on Manners from that invaluable manual *Etiquette For The Ladies,* published but a short while ago in the auspicious year 1837, had been unable to do anything about the sparkle in Miss Daintree's eyes and that saucy smile which so often touched her lips.

THE repetition of that cool question, with the most unwarrantable comments added, was a further enormity which caused a frown to gather on her mother's white forehead.

"Am I to understand, Mamma, that you desire me to accept this gentleman even before I have set eyes on him, or he on me? It is an odd arrangement, to say the least! I am astonished that he should have made me the offer in such circumstances."

Lady Arabella, with great forbearance, withheld the sharp reproof merited by this unheard-of breach of good manners. Charlett, scarcely out of pinafores, offering opinions, raising objections! Miss Grimmer was to blame, of course, having been far too lax in her upbringing. Lady Arabella realized with horror that it was high time she herself took her daughter in hand. Perhaps it was already too late? She

*CHARLETT struggled to her feet and dragged on the ribbons, but the pony's headlong dash showed no sign of slackening. A horseman shot ahead of the gig, bent down in his saddle and grasped at the runaway's bridle*

shuddered. Charlett had somehow got a mind of her own. What a shocking discovery to make on a bleak March morning, with a drawing-room later in the day, and a mountain of bills on the satinwood desk!

Her ladyship tinkled her bell and ordered hot chocolate to be brought. Positively, she was feeling faint from shock. But a little diplomacy might patch matters up. . . .

"My dearest child," she murmured wearily, when the footman had withdrawn. "You have no consideration for your poor Mamma, whose nerves are worn to a shred with worry. You know that our means have been sadly depleted by your dear brother's extravagant style of living. . . ."

"I did not know, Mamma! You never told me that before."

"Certainly I did not, Charlett! Such matters are not for young girls in the schoolroom. But now you *do* know it, and that is the reason for your marriage with Mr. Orr-Williams. Your brother has been somewhat reckless, as young men of fashion will be on their entry into the world, and you must understand, my dear, that I cannot afford to have you dangling on my hands, costing me a fortune in gowns and jewels. Why, your costumes for driving with me in the park would amount to untold guineas, for you could not be seen without an ermine muff and a different satin bonnet for each afternoon! Then gowns for balls and the opera! Embroidered silk stockings cost a small fortune, to say nothing of the frills on one's undergarments, which *must* be of hand-made Brussels lace! How am I to turn you out looking as my daughter must look? I do indeed command you to accept Mr. Orr-Williams, for your own sake as well as mine."

CHARLETT'S smooth cheeks had lost their colour. She no longer sat as scolded into sitting, eyes downcast. She looked straight across at her mother.

"You can't afford to give me a season? Is that what I am to understand, Mamma?"

"You use such expressions, Charlett!"

"What have I said that is wrong?"

"*Afford!* A middle-class term which jars on my nerves!"

"I have heard Aunt Fanny use it a score of times!"

"Undoubtedly! Your father's eldest sister married for *love*—a so-called gentleman-farmer—and not to be able to *afford* is what she got! My daughter *must* appear this season, for it is known she is already a few months past eighteen. But between ourselves, my dear, to take you about with me would put an unbearable strain on my purse. As a widow, I have had a great tug to do my duty by my two children. Victor, now that he is a man-about-town, plays high at Crockford's, and am I, his mother, to dress in inferior silks? But having arranged your future so excellently, Charlett, am I now to be met by this senseless obstinacy? I am cut to the quick by your ingratitude!"

Lady Arabella dabbed at each eye with a handkerchief frothy with lace—touched each eye gingerly, that is, mindful of the rouge beneath.

"Tears the day of a drawing-room," she murmured. "Oh, Charlett, how undutiful you are!"

"If I were to go to Aunt Fanny's, Mamma, and spend the summer at the farm, you need not trouble about giving me a season."

"What nonsense! Unless you appear, society would spread it about that you were atrociously ugly or deformed or some such wicked gossip and your chances would be ruined for ever!" Her ladyship snapped open her fan.

"NOW attend to my words, Charlett. I have told you our fortune is reduced. For your brother's sake, I cannot practise foolish economies and make him, a young baronet, a laughing-stock in the *beau monde*. He must make a suitable match, and you likewise. Mamma knows best, I assure you, so you will oblige me by obeying my *wish*, if not my *command*. Mr. Orr-Williams is eminently suitable for you. In trade—wool, I believe, and consequently solid. His father was Lord Mayor, and Lady Orr-Williams is my good friend. She is as eager for the match as I. A Williams to wed a Daintree! So it is all arranged and I beg you to be dutiful, like a good daughter."

Charlett's eyes widened. "It is all arranged? How can that be . . . ?"

"Well, the preliminaries are settled. It only remains——"

"For Mr. Orr-Williams and me to meet!"

"That is of little consequence, child! Mr. Orr-Williams has heard your beauty described and has conveyed to his mamma his entire willingness——"

"You mean, I expect, that his mamma has conveyed it to *him* . . . !"

"Charlett, I will not tolerate these impertinences! His mamma knows what is best for her son, as I do for my daughter. You will do as I say in the matter. Your mamma, who knows the world, has your interests at heart. Bertram Orr-Williams is rich—Portman Square, very good diamonds, an estate newly-purchased in Berkshire—and you need not give a thought to the warehouse in Eastcheap. He himself is gentlemanly in appearance, passably handsome, and of a mild disposition——"

"Indeed, Mamma, if he offers for me upon *his* mamma's say-so, he must be mild—a positive milksop of a man, I should say!"

"So much the better, foolish child! Life will teach you the value of a wealthy husband of easy temper. There, how happy I am to see you smile! (*Continued on page* 60)

*ILLUSTRATIONS BY D. L. MAYS*

Strong, yet beautifully gentle, he laid her on a sofa and a motherly housekeeper soon had Charlett to rights

Charlett lingered in the garden . . . here was a kind man she could love

Aunt Fan's mouth dropped open when she saw her niece descend from the coach and approach the cottage with Mr. Bland

Colour Sets
The Table

Damask, dyed turquoise and fringed with white

THE pleasure of eating at an attractive table is something we can all appreciate, although handsome appointments are not for all of us while good china and glass is costly.

Much, however, can be done with colour to add a sense of luxury. English fashion designers, at the invitation of the Irish Linen Guild, have some practical suggestions to offer. Mr. Victor Stiebel dyed a damask table cloth turquoise, and edged it with a white fringe, to act as foil for white china.

Mr. Mattli and Mr. Charles Creed collaborated on an idea for entertaining in the kitchen. They used printed linen roller towelling to make an informal supper cloth and matching napkins. Norman Hartnell combined a white linen damask cloth with plain linen napkins of a rose colour to match the glassware, the motif of the damask embroidered in white on the pink napkins. This idea could be adapted in pastels or in strong contrasts.

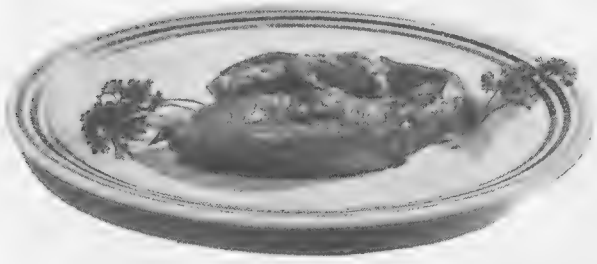
Cloth from printed roller towelling

←Even though china and glass are in better supply now, the search for something different must still involve a pilgrimage from shop to shop. The table on the left was set with a green linen table cloth from Debenham & Freebody, green pottery soup bowls from Heals, pottery plates and bamboo cutlery from Peter Jones, and heirloom green glass. The centre piece was contrived from Price's Venetian candles and a salad bowl utilized for a flower arrangement by Interflora

Blue and white linen to match a wedgwood tea-set

Most women have fallen for a slimming diet at some time yet, strangely enough, men *still* admire plump, pretty women

# WHAT, NEVER BEEN ON A DIET?



A WOMAN on a diet is like a woman with a secret. She burns to tell.

Dieters do not reach full cycle until they have scalps to their name. The scalped, in their turn, make their own converts, and so it snowballs on. We, the preached at, the resisters, the occasional experimenters, can only hope that sometimes a truly legitimate target is reached—ex-King Farouk, for example.

Dieters tend to become one-subject people, with standardized phrases and gestures. "Lost four pounds in a week . . . why do they always cut out the things you like best? . . . I chew a carrot when I feel hungry. . . ."

A triumphant thumb at the gap between waist and skirt is the invariable gesture of success. A philosophic shrug of the shoulders, a worldly-wise shake of the head indicates failure, yet thankfulness that once again they can be counted among the weak, only too human, lovable ones.

Dieting is an important and a serious undertaking. Whether the aim is to reduce general poundage, to diminish middle-aged spread, to combat rheumatic pains, stomach ulcers or a blemished skin, it should be a strictly private affair.

Slimming exercises you do alone. The serious dieter, unless she has some like-minded companions, should eat on her own. Her condition presupposes a temporary anti-social status, and she must recognize it as such.

It is far, far better to refuse all lunch and dinner invitations, and to issue none, than to suffer those frequent succumbings to temptation—undoing all the good of spartan weeks—or, on the other hand, to become a darn' nuisance at the table.

Many pounds can be lost with a successful, stick-to-it diet. Many friends, too.

DIETING in the modern manner was first dreamed up by a fat fellow of the name of Banting, as far back as 1863. He published a pamphlet, giving the diet which had reduced him by over three stones and taken twelve inches from his waistline.

The pamphlet damp-squibbed. The public went on eating at the groaning tables of the time—under the weight of good food, remember?—and the upper classes proved by their appearance and behaviour that there was a certain social cachet in just being fat. It was the practice at large country houses for the host to bring out scales and observe how lavish indulgence at his board had increased the girth of his guests.

Like many prophets, Banting was before his time. Many years after, men still stood before their roaring fires, smugly patting a generous expanse of waistcoat, and admiring the kind of pretty, plump woman who could put away a massive lunch, and then retire to a pale pink boudoir with the newest French novel and a box of chocolate creams. . . .

Somebody—possibly an enterprising journalist—rediscovered Banting in the fabulous rip-roaring 1920s, and unleashed his posthumous theories on an excitable, feverish world ready for any new fad, craze or movement.

Three vital and important factors contributed to the dieting fever which swept the country.

The part played by women in the first World War, and new, different postwar conditions had consolidated their emancipation; and out they tumbled into the hurly-burly of a working world, into every kind of job, even the hitherto men-only jobs.

This meant getting about. But fast. You couldn't carry weight with you. So pale-pink boudoirs and curves became a dim Ouida-like memory.

Simultaneously, too, a comprehensive swing of fashion's pendulum decreed the straight, boyish-flat figure, just as

# By ANNA RICHARDSON

films started to exercise their world-wide influence, and sylph-like stars set the new standards of feminine beauty.

So along came the diets.

The newspapers and publishers promoting them didn't make the mistake of using words like "corpulence" or "obesity." Instead, "slimming" and "banting" made their bow. Banting cut out starches, fats, sweets, bulked up on meat, fish, cheese, eggs, fruit and veg. Nearly all subsequent diets stem from this theme.

Minor diet campaigns had their own successes. An appealing title helped. The Eighteen Day Diet held an implicit promise of quick results. The Hollywood Diet attractively suggested that you, too, could look like Joan Crawford or Ginger Rogers.

The first outstanding financial success was notched by Dr. Hay, who presented denial and indulgence in the most beguiling forms. He allowed you to eat anything and everything. Steak with a fried egg—all right, they were both proteins. Potatoes, bread and suet roll could be taken at one sitting—they were all carbohydrates. The sin was to put proteins and carbohydrates together.

IN the late thirties the Hay diet swept America and England, until the second World War provided its own effective means of cutting down on our eating.

During and since the end of the last war, starch-or-starve-meals brought their own inflation to figures. Once again, women—and now men, too—were ready to be indoctrinated by the new and brilliantly put over ideas of Gayelord Hauser, an American who has made a fortune and a world-wide reputation as writer, broadcaster, lecturer, teacher, dietician and beautician out of the simple, irresistible message that wise, balanced eating not only slims you, keeps you fit, banishes fatigue and gives you energy, but makes you better looking, younger looking and longer living.

It added to Hauser's lustre that his disciples have included many famous and fabulous names—the Duchess of Windsor, Barbara Hutton, Leopold Stokowski, Greta Garbo and numbers of film and stage stars, novelists, politicians. But he waves tham all aside casually and proceeds to make you believe that his one aim and purpose is to project and bring into focus the new YOU.

ON the practical side, Hauser continues where the others left off. Yes, to proteins, vegetables, fruits, salads; no, no, no, to carbohydrates. He—and others—maintain we all suffer a constant deprivation of essential constituents of nourishment because so much of our grain, fruit and vegetable is grown in over-fertilized, over-chemicalized soil, and because modern food is adulterated, refined, machined, processed and devitalized by manufacturers of the appetite-starts-through-the-eyes school.

To offset these deficiencies, he advocates a classic, basic diet of all the proteins, vegetables and fruits, aided by five wonderfoods, rich in the missing nutrients—black treacle, powdered brewers' yeast, powdered skim milk, yogurt, and wheat germ. (*Continued on page* 62)

# Big Business Without Bustle

Where the popular Clark's shoes are made in the village of Street, among the green pastures of Somerset

WHEN a visitor to Britain's largest shoe-factory in Somerset asked a girl working at her bench if she would prefer to work in London, she looked shocked. "Well, of course, I wouldn't," she replied. And, indeed, why should she? She has the best of both worlds and well she knows it. She lives in a community where no one fears insecurity, or being homeless, or losing the job. She lives amongst the loveliest country surroundings and yet enjoys the latest modern amenities. Work is done with the ultra-modern labour-saving devices, but after work there's the stroll home to the cottage through the village and over the meadows, past the sleek cinema, past the ancient farmhouses nestling beneath "Weary-all Hill" where King Arthur had his sword Excalibur thrown into the mere.

This extraordinary welding of the ancient and modern is the result of generations of a family's toil. Over a hundred years ago the Clarks, a Quaker farming family, started the interesting experiment in sociology which has resulted in the strange picture of "Big Business" amongst the West Country fields.

It all started, when in 1825, Cyrus Clark married Sarah, daughter of John Bull, and they lived in the house where now stands the present Clark factory. Their business, in those days, was the making of the slippers known as "Brown Peters," they were warm and soft and lined with sheepskin. They were beautifully made and as the production switched over to the making of leather boots and shoes, the Clarks determined to keep up their same high standard of craftsmanship.

It wasn't easy. There were hard struggles and often the financial outlook seemed perilous, but the quiet Quakers had faith, though few would ever have believed that such enormous success would come to their experiment. Now the turnover is one million pound's worth of shoes a year which are sold all over the world, and a new sales enterprise is just starting in the Canadian market.

From those early days onwards the family business has been closely linked up with the care of the employees and the close community they formed. The family, the factory and the town of Street are closely bound. The Clarks and their Quaker connections took a practical interest in local government and ranked the importance of welfare work, education and culture for their employees equal with the job of turning out good shoes.

One of the Clarks did, in fact, start the first adult education scheme ever launched in this country, so that youngsters coming into the factory could continue their studies from fourteen years old on. They spent half their time at the factory and at school.

But this didn't come all at once. In early days every family in and around the village of Street was employed doing out-work for the factory. The oldest workers can remember when their grandfathers fetched the uppers and the soles, stitched them together up in the attic workrooms (now usually converted into a bathroom) and returned them to the factory slung over a broom-handle. All the family worked on shoes and every boy was early apprenticed to a shoemaking neighbour. Then as modern machinery was installed, people went into the factory and worked under the same roof, and the out-worker system gradually disappeared.

BUT one old man still preferred working at home, and when eventually a few years ago, just before he was pensioned off, they persuaded him to try working in the factory, he went for a few days and then refused to try it any longer: "No! I've had enough of that," he murmurs in his West country burr. Even then, of course, he didn't see what factory-life can be like, because instead of the huge noisy impersonal atmosphere of great modern industries, the Clarks manage to keep the intimate coziness of a small family concern. This they accomplish by splitting up into many small units which are scattered over the countryside. Each small factory deals with a special product and employs its own staff who really belong.

Also, because the firm is isolated and far away from any other manufacturing centre, it has to be entirely self-supporting. Clarks have their own engineering departments, making their own machinery; they make their own shoe lasts; and even their own cardboard (*Continued on page* 64)

*By Muriel Segal*

# *Extreme Ends Of Attraction*

***Spring is the time to go light-headed and light-footed, for shoes and hats will add seasonal gaiety to a new outfit. Here are some ideas on tops and toes, the important extreme ends of attraction.***

*1. Top French milliner in London creates an absurd little hat, above, reminiscent of the horse's-tail hair-do so popular with the younger set. She will make it in any colour, scolloped and tasselled in wool.*

*2. A soft straw cloche is a clever buy, for it will be as useful with summer cottons as with spring outfits now. This one, below, is in lime yellow, as versatile in colour scheming as less exciting neutrals.*

*3. Dior's black felt, diamante trimmed "Crown," above, is in the Coronation mood. Wear it for cocktails and to theatres this season, perhaps teamed with the spangled sandals below. All three hats by Simone Mirman.*

*4. The stocking cap looks like running on into the spring. Knit or fashion one for yourself from a remnant of jersey, in one of the bright jewel colours, and wear it jauntily with tailleure or topcoat.*

*5. Cocktail sandals, above, are in black suede studded with diamante. Clever designing by Bally puts the straps in exactly the right places so that they are as comfortable to wear as dainty to look at. £5 15s. 6d.*

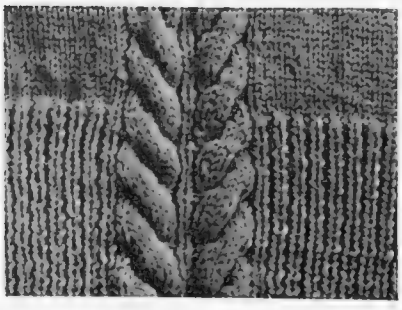
*6. Black patent is familiar enough, but brown patent is news. The elegant shoes below are in brown patent, stitched to give the appearance of fine grained leather. £7 17s. 6d. Lilley and Skinner's Pompadour Room.*

*7. Black pump, embossed and stitched, giving the appearance of quilting. £7 17s. 6d. Lilley and Skinner's Pompadour Room.*

*8. In pewter kid. Another example of designing for lightness and comfort. £5 15s. 6d. Lilley and Skinner's Pompadour Room.*

*This jersey takes 9 ozs. "Wendy" Super Botany 3-Ply Wool and is worked on No. 12, 13 and 14 needles. Knitted at a tension of 9 sts. and 12 rows to 1 in. on No. 12 needles, the jersey fits a 34-36 in. bust.*

# *Cable Stitch Trimming*



Detail of the front panel in cable stitch, which is graduated to form the padded neck trimming.

STARTING at the lower front, cast on 123 sts. on No. 12 needles and work as follows:

**1st row.**—(K. 1, p. 1) 26 times, k. 8, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 8 (p. 1. k.1) 26 times.

**2nd row.**—(P. 1, k. 1) 26 times, p. 8, k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 8 (k. 1, p. 1) 26 times.

Repeat these 2 rows.

**5th row.**—(K. 1, p. 1) 26 times, place next 4 sts. on spare needle and leave at back of work; k. 4, k. 4 from spare needle, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, place next 4 sts. on spare needle and leave at front of work, k. 4, k. 4 from spare needle (p. 1, k. 1) 26 times.

**6th row.**—As 2nd.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows once.

These 8 rows complete the patt. and are rep. till further notice.

Cont. until work measures 1½ ins.

Change to No. 13 needles and work 2 ins.

Change to No. 14 needles and work 1 in.

**Next row.**—K. 51, p. 1, k. 8, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 8, p. 1, k. 51.

**Next row.**—P. 51, k. 1, p. 8, k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 8, k. 1, p. 51.

Cont. on No. 14 needles for 3 ins., working in st. st. throughout except for the 21 sts. of central panel.

When work measures 6 ins. change to No. 13 needles and work ½ in., then change to No. 12 needles and inc. at each end of next and every following 4th row 18 times in all (159 sts.).

Cont. until work measures 12½ ins.

Cast off 7 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then take 2 tog. at each end of next 9 k. rows (127 sts.).

Cont. without shaping until work measures 15 ins.

**Next row.**—K. 52, turn, leaving rem. 75 sts. on spare needle.

Cast on 11 sts. p. to end of row.

*Material required for this raglan jersey are 10 ozs. Wakefield Greenwood's "Springtime" 3-Ply Super Botany Fingering, No. 12 and 13 needles and six small matching buttons. Worked at a tension of 9 sts. and 12 rows to 1 in. on No. 12 needles, the jersey fits size 34 in. bust.*

BEGIN with the front by casting on 122 sts. on No. 12 needles and work 1¾ ins. Turn under work horizontally and k. tog. 1st st. of row with 1st st. of cast-on row. Cont. in this way to end of row, making a small hem. Now work 2½ ins. st. st. Change to No. 13 needles and work a further 3 ins. st. st. Change back to No. 12 needles and inc. at each end of this and every following 4th row 17 times (156 sts.). Cont. without further shaping until work measures 12 ins. from beg. Now work as follows :

**1st row.**—P. 3, k. 6, p. 2, k. 2 tog. through back of loops, k. to last 13 sts., k. 2 tog., p. 2, k. 6, p. 3.

**2nd row.**—K. 3, p. 6, k. 2, p. to last 11 sts., k. 2, p. 6, k. 3. Rep. these 2 rows.

**5th row.**—P. 3, put next 3 sts. on spare needle and leave at front of work, k. 3, k. 3 from spare needle, p. 2, k. 2 tog., t.b.1, work to last 13 sts., k. 2 tog., p. 2, put next 3 sts. on spare needle and leave at back of work, k. 3, k. 3 from spare needle, p. 3.

**6th row.**—As 2nd. These 6 rows complete the patt. Rep. them twice (138 sts.). Now cont. to work odd rows as given in patt. above but work even rows as follows :

K. 3, p. 6, k. 2, p. 2 tog., p. to last 13 sts., p. 2 tog., k. 2, p. 6, k. 3. Rep. patt. 9 times, then rep. first 4 rows (22 sts.).

**Next row.**—P. 3, cable 6, p. 2 tog. twice, cable 6, p. 3.
**Next row.**—K. 3, p. 5, p. 2 tog. twice, p. 5, k. 3.
**Next row.**—P. 3, k. 4, k. 2 tog. twice, k. 4, p. 3.
**Next row.**—K. 3, p. 8, p. 2 tog. twice, p. 3, k. 3.
**Next row.**—P. 3, k. 2, k. 2 tog. twice, k. 2, p. 3.
**Next row.**—K. 3, p. 1, p. 2 tog. twice, p. 1, k. 3.
**Next row.**—P. 3, k. 2 tog. twice, p. 3.
**Next row.**—K. 2, k. 2 tog. twice, k. 2. (*Continued on page 70*)

Cont. on these 63 sts. for 6 more rows.

Now take 2 tog. at neck edge at beg. of next p. row and on every 6th row following 13 times in all (50 sts.).

When work measures 21 ins. cast off 10 sts. at beg. of next 5 k. rows.

Now return to 75 sts. on spare needle, patt. 11 and leave on spare needle, cast off 1, patt. 11 and leave on spare needle, cast on 11 then work up second front to match first, rev. all shapings.

Now take the 11 sts. from spare needle of right front and work on them as follows :

P. twice into first st., k. 8, p. 1, k. 1.

**Next row.**—P. 1, k. 1, p. 8, k. 2.

Cable on next row as on body of work. Then work 7 rows.

Now work cable collar as follows :

**1st cable row.**—P. 2, place 4 sts. on spare needle and leave at front of work, k. 3, k. twice into next st., k. 4 from spare needle, p. 1, k. 1. Work 7 rows.

**2nd cable row.**—P. 2, place 5 sts. on spare needle and leave at front of work, k. 3, k. twice into next st., k. 5 from spare needle, p. 1, k. 1. Work 9 rows.

**3rd cable row.**—P. 2, place 5 sts. on spare needle and leave at front of work, k. 4, k. twice into next st., k. 5 from spare needle, p. 1, k. 1. Work 9 rows.

**4th cable row.**—P. 2, place 6 sts. on spare needle and leave at front of work, k. 4, k. twice into next st., k. 6 from spare needle, p. 1, k. 1. Work 11 rows.

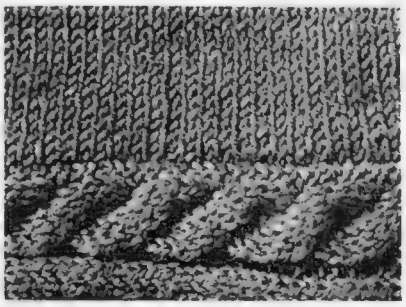
**5th cable row.**—P. 2, place 6 sts. on spare needle and leave at front of work, k. 5, k. twice into next st., k. 6 from spare needle, p. 1, k. 1. Work 11 rows.

**6th cable row.**—P. 2, place 7 sts. on spare needle and leave at front of work, k. 5, k. twice into next st., k. 7 from spare needle, p. 1, k. 1. Work 13 rows.

**7th cable row.**—P. 2, place 7 sts. on spare needle and leave at front of work, k. 6, k. twice into next st., k. 7 from spare needle, p. 1, k. 1. Work 13 rows.

(*Continued on page 71*)

# *Outlining Cable*



Cable stitch motif used for the cuff edging and neckband of the raglan sleeve jumper above.

A simple suit to travel in. *Crayson's* grey flannel worsted with a cardigan jacket, crisp white piqué collar and trim straight skirt. Price about £9 9s. At Fifth Avenue, Bond Street.

Evening dress in oyster piqué. The circular cowl stole comes off. The bodice is embroidered with paillettes. *Roecliff and Chapman.* About 22 gns. at Hunt's of Bond Street.

# Easter Wardrobe

*THESE pictures were taken on the French Riviera in the sparkling early sunshine which many English visitors will be seeking at Easter. We commend the clothes for an early holiday either at home or abroad, now or throughout the Spring.*

For cocktails or dinner at a quiet hotel, spotted grosgrain coat dress which can be worn as a dress or a coat. *Roecliff and Chapman.* About 22 gns. Galleries Lafayette, London.

Aquamarine Jersey printed in black. A Wolsey dress with matching square. About 8 gns. at Harrods. The purple printed white dress (**right**) has a lined stole. About 16 gns. *Roecliff and Chapman.*

White velour topcoat. *Crayson.* About 10 gns. Dickins & Jones, London. (**Right**) Jiffy jacket in white boucle. *Dereta.* About £7 15s. Fenwick's, Bond Street. Gor-ray skirt 3 gns.

# Sweet

A BEAUTIFUL smile is not only a matter of dazzling white even teeth, but most people will agree that they help, to say the least. Which is consoling, for modern dentistry provides everyone with the chance of having not only healthy, but beautiful teeth.

The science of dentistry has come far in the last few years, and the dividing line between teeth which are beautiful and teeth which are healthy has entirely disappeared. Dentists are now as much concerned with the appearance as with the health of their patient's teeth. Perfect teeth can be preserved, imperfectly shaped ones improved with modern methods.

The rules for preserving healthy and attractive teeth are simple enough—watch your diet, brush teeth and gums when cleaning and visit a dentist regularly. No apology is made for restating these self-evident truths, for statistics show that however well known they may be, they are not followed, for some reason or another, by at least three people in this country out of five. The English have been accused, with good reason, of having the worst teeth in the world.

OUR present diet has been largely blamed for this. Too many soft foods are eaten instead of those which provide the healthy exercise of chewing. Chewing is good for the teeth and hardens the gums, thereby making them resistant to disease. Yet we persistently cut the crusts off sandwiches, eat minced meats and soft sticky cakes and puddings. It is the sticky, sweet foods which cause the trouble. No one would want to banish these delicacies altogether, and

*Beauty by Chrysis*

# As Your Smile

there is no need to if every meal were finished with something clean and "chewy" like an apple or celery.

As for tooth cleansing, if as much attention were paid to the wielding of the toothbrush as to the choice of dentifrice, the results would be infinitely better. Teeth should not be brushed across, but up and down, with a sweeping movement from gum to the tip of the tooth. This hardens the gums and stimulates the circulation on which the health of the tooth depends. Apart from avoiding coarse tooth powders, which might scratch the dental enamel, choice of dentifrice is largely a matter of personal taste, literally in the sense of flavour, if statistics again can be believed.

The periodical check-up with the dentist is an insurance against trouble, and there is no need to look on this as an appointment with fear. Modern methods aim at cutting down discomfort and new ideas are constantly being evolved for painless treatment, such as local anæsthetics, twilight sleep and working on a tooth under a gentle spray of cool water.

Looked at from the dentist's point of view, the patient who is jumpy and restless in the chair is obviously difficult to treat successfully. Painless treatment is as much in his interest as in his patient's.

REALISING that a good dentist will be just as concerned with your appearance as you are, you need have no fear that dental treatment will "only make matters worse." This applies very much to the front teeth. The new plastic fillings which are now beginning to be used are quite undetectable, and have, incidentally, proved to be more durable than the old porcelain ones. No good dentist, if you are consulting him about treatment for the front teeth, will take umbrage at a tactful enquiry as to whether or not he intends to use the new plastic filling.

In fact, the better the dentist, the more concerned he is about the æsthetic side of his work. He will consider a healthy, but ill-shaped tooth as seriously as a diseased one. There are various methods of improving the shape and set of badly-formed teeth, and far from being impatient of such problems, a good dentist will welcome them, knowing that human nature being what it is, a woman is more likely to care for teeth she is proud of than teeth she is ashamed of.

As for colour of the teeth, some are naturally a dazzling white, some more ivoried, and no amount of cleaning will turn the one into the other. Of course, all teeth (and this applies to non-smokers as well as smokers) need a periodical scaling to remove the brown deposit which dulls the lustre of the enamel. A tinted dentifrice, which by deepening the rose tint of the gums makes the teeth appear all the whiter, is a harmless subterfuge.

No modern woman can afford to overlook the claims of chlorophyl to keep her mouth as sweet as it looks. Halitosis should not be ignored, for it is usually a signal that something somewhere is wrong, either with mouth or more organically. Nevertheless, chlorophyl tablets and chlorophyl dentifrice will do a lot to mitigate the unpleasantness of sour breath, a fact which smokers particularly will appreciate.

*Send your beauty enquiries to Chrysis, Britannia and Eve, Ingram House, 195, Strand, W.C.2.*

A spiked meat dish which holds the joint secure for easy carving. 30s. 9d., Army and Navy Stores.

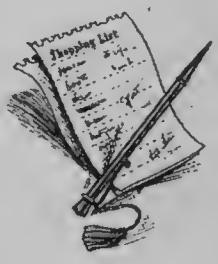
To prevent the milk boiling over. Water-heated milk saucepan, 10s. 11d. Non-Boil-Over disc for other pans.

# TOO GOOD TO MISS

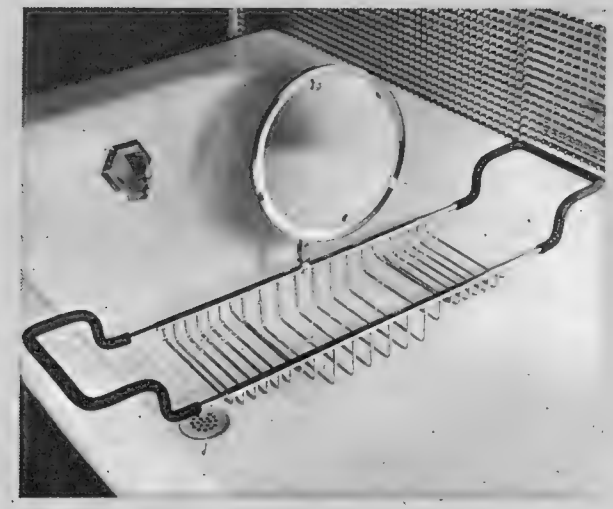
*This month's new shopping discoveries are on the page opposite. The items on this page are not new, but some of the best gadgets currently available in the shops. In case you have not already discovered them for yourself, Margaret Sharp makes a selection of those which, in her opinion, are too good to miss.*

To systematise the washing-up, a sponge dish-mop; pot scourer with interchangeable tips; rubber spatula. Selfridge.

To prevent lost stoppers and burnt toes, Suba Seal hot-water bottles have a patent rubber safety closing device.




A chromium bath-rack with fixed mirror for the bathtime beauty ritual. Froys of Hammersmith, £8.



Automatic chopping and grating with Mouli-grater for cheese, etc., 3s. 11d. Mouli-parsmint for chopping herbs, 5s.

Food fried in a covered pan has more flavour and nourishment. Adjustable covers 2s. 3d. Selfridge

The Ruhrfix mixer beats, whips and has an automatic oil dripper for mayonnaise making. £1 8s. 0d.

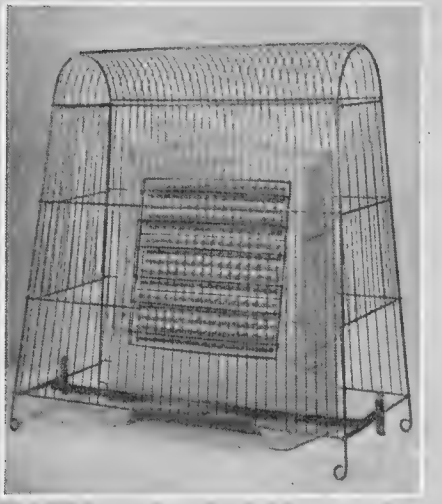
The operative end of this "Vanishing" hearth brush retracks into a neat cylindrical case. Froys, £1 0s. 6d.

# *THESE ARE NEW*

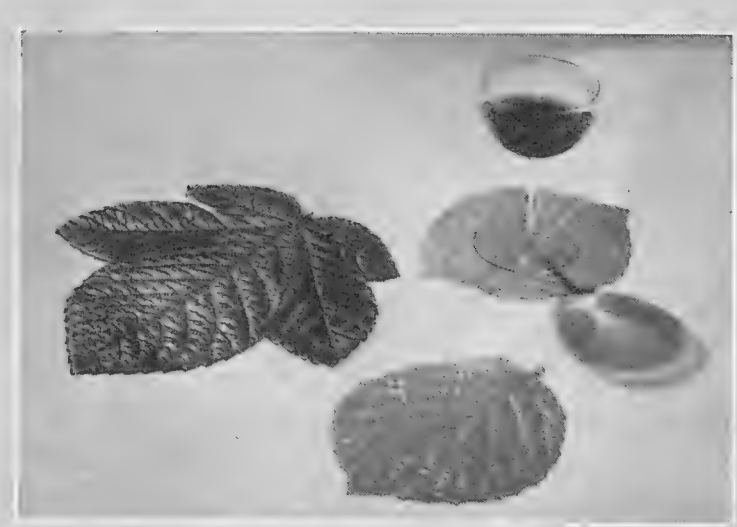
*If you would like to know where to buy any items mentioned on these two pages, write, enclosing a stamped and addressed envelope to Margaret Sharp, Britannia and Eve, Ingram House, 195 Strand, W.C.2*

A tradesman's indicator orders milk and bread and saves the trouble of going to the door. 1s. 7d., Selfridge

A specially designed guard prevents accidents with portable electric fires. 18s. 6d. and 16s. 6d.



Plastic table mats look like autumn leaves in greens and russets. John Lewis, 5s. 11d., 6s. 11d.



# Much Better, Thank You

*By Janet Darby*

THERE you are, sitting up at last, with your prettiest bedjacket on. The bedroom looks clear and bright and strangely new now that you can look around you without feeling sick and sorry for yourself. You've used a little powder, a little lipstick, and you admit—to yourself only, of course—that you're feeling just a little hungry. And then in comes the luncheon tray. It looks rather *ordinary*, doesn't it? You toy with the excellent and nourishing soup, noting, with your freshly-sharpened perceptions, that it is a pale beige colour. The lightly poached egg glares menacingly at you with its pale yellow eye, daring you to attack it. You dare not. Instead, you sink feebly back on to your pillows. You're not really very hungry, after all. Perhaps later on, you say. . . .

Now, we can do better than that, surely ! The patient is sitting up and showing an interest in things at last. She has co-operated in the business of her own adornment. Let's see what can be done with food for an invalid, and especially with its presentation.

Colourful china on a white traycloth, or white china on a coloured one. A spray of spring flowers in a shallow vase or jug. Don't bother to put water in the vase—they won't be on view long enough to wilt, and you can put them in water right away as soon as the tray comes down. A little special cruet, toning with the traycloth or the china; *not* the salt and pepper pots from the big main cruet which she has seen so often on the dining-table. The table-napkin immaculate and newly-folded, not bunched into a ring. Things will be everyday and normal soon enough. Meantime, do let's give the patient the impression that she is lapped in luxury; that her every desire is being anticipated, and she will respond with a quickened appetite. One last point before we move on to the interesting subject of food : small portions, please. A newly-aroused appetite will faint and fade away if confronted with heaps, even if you are serving a favourite dish.

Those diet sheets on which everything is forbidden present the greatest difficulty, of course. No meat, no green vegetable, no herbs, very little seasoning, for example. Then *Milk Soup* wouldn't be banned. You make it as follows :

Cut a medium-sized spanish onion in thin slices and 1 stick of celery in small pieces. Melt 1 oz. of butter in a pan, put the vegetables into it, cover, and place over a light heat for a few minutes. Now add ½ pint of water, 1 rounded dessertspoon of rice, and simmer slowly for ¾ hour. If the patient is allowed no roughage, rub through a sieve. In any case, the next step is to scald ½ pint of milk, and add it. Bring to the boil, stirring, then sprinkle in a very little finely chopped parsley, season lightly, and if you can spare it, stir in another ounce of butter. This soup should be creamy white, with the little green flecks of parsley to adorn it, but green vegetable colouring, which is quite harmless and tasteless, can be added to make a prettier picture.

Scallops are light, nutritious and digestible, but if the diet sheet forbids them, try making a *Coquille St. Jacques* using fillet of sole or plaice instead of the scallops. Here's an alternating recipe :

One scallop (or one fillet of sole or plaice). Slice the scallop or roll the fillet and cook in a very little water for a few minutes. Lift out carefully, so as not to break the fish up too much. Melt ½ oz. of butter or margarine in a pan, add a little grated onion, together with a chopped mushroom if this is allowed. Cover and cook gently for 3 minutes. Then add a wineglass of white wine, or the same quantity of milk, whichever is permitted, place the fish in gently, and cook for 10 minutes over a light heat. Remove the fish from the liquid and place in the scallop shell. Thicken the liquid with a little cornflour, stir until it boils and thickens, then season lightly. Take off the stove, allow to cool slightly, then beat in the yolk of 1 egg. Pour this sauce over the fish in the scallop shell, sprinkle fairly thickly with fresh breadcrumbs, dot a few pieces of butter here and there, and place under the grill to brown lightly. You can substitute creamed potatoes for the breadcrumbs, if you prefer it.

* * *

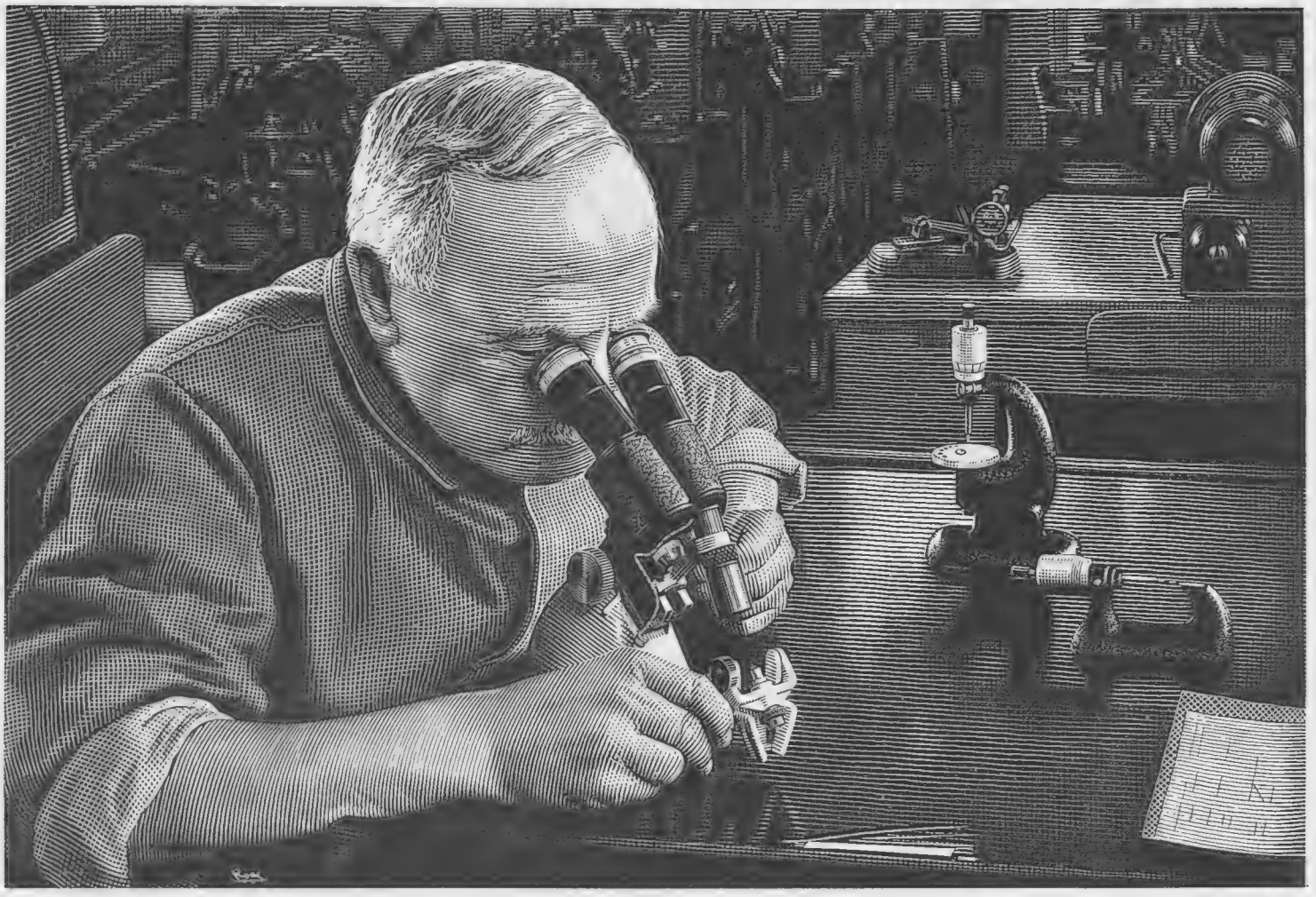
If the diet sheet is more liberal, there's lots to choose from : vegetable purées, chicken broth, sole baked in custard, creamed chicken and rice, or even the digestible tripe and onions. In the case of the last named you might rub the onions through a sieve instead of chopping them, and you would, of course, cut the tripe into very fine ribbons.

*Sole baked in custard* is made as follows :

Lay 1 fillet or sole (or plaice) in a shallow Pyrex baking dish, having first greased it with butter. Season lightly, add a little grated lemon rind and about a teaspoon of grated onion. Break an egg into a basin, add a flat tablespoon of flour or cornflour, beat together, then add a ¼ pint milk, beating all the while. Pour this mixture over the fish, stand the fish in a larger pan containing water, and bake in a very moderate oven for about 20 minutes, when the custard should be set. Serve in its own dish, so that the custard remains unbroken. (*Continued on page 70*)

***Everybody knows that an invalid's appetite must be tempted. But how many of us know how to set about it?***

TIME IS THE ART OF THE SWISS



# *People have odd ideas about him!*

THE SWISS watch-craftsman is a proud man. Proud of eyes and fingers trained till they're exact as a surgeon's.

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*MARGARET PHILLIPS, a qualified chemist, suggests that the "harmless" drugs are too often taken with imperfect knowledge of their effects upon the system*

# Daily Drug Addict

DESPITE our present medical system, the amount of drugs and proprietary medicines sold is increasing. Most of us buy some remedy or other to obtain relief from minor ailments, but few people know the exact way in which these drugs affect the system, or realize that taken to excess, some of them may even be dangerous.

Take, for instance, the analgesics—medicines for relieving pain. The most commonly used is aspirin, alone, or as in many proprietary remedies, combined with caffeine or codeine.

Aspirin is one of the best-known and least harmful of all analgesics. It relieves pain quickly, reduces the temperature in feverish conditions and is used extensively in the treatment of rheumatism where it appears to have a direct action on the rheumatic joints as well as relieving the pain. Nevertheless, it should be used with caution. An aspirin tablet consists of minute acid crystals, which are insoluble, and may act as a gastric irritant causing indigestion and even, if persisted with, chronic gastritis. This can be avoided by taking the tablets after food or with milk, never on an empty stomach.

Caffeine, an ingredient of A.P.C. tablets and many proprietary remedies, is a harmless stimulant which acts on the central nervous system, warding off fatigue and depression. It dilates the pupil of the eye and increases the excretion of urine. Thus it has an action similar to that of alcohol, and, similarly, should not be taken to excess.

CODEINE, though more effective in relieving pain, is a far more poisonous drug. It is manufactured from morphine, and is sold combined with aspirin in compound codeine tablets and under many proprietary names. It relieves pain, as morphine does, by depressing the sensory nerve cells in the brain, and induces sleep in insomnia due to pain, such as toothache or a deep wound. It is constipating, though less so than morphine, and it is possible to become addicted to it.

There is some risk in having frequent recourse to any pain-relieving drug, in that the pain may be symptomatic of some condition which needs medical attention; the sufferer obtains temporary relief from an analgesic and postpones going to the doctor until the condition has become really serious.

Next come the indigestion remedies. Most of these are alkaline compounds which act by neutralizing stomach acids. The stomach contents are normally slightly acid, and this acid digests food. Extra strain, such as an unusually indigestible meal, hastily swallowed food or too-long periods without it, upsets the normal mechanism of the stomach and may cause too much acid to be produced at one time, resulting in indigestion.

Alkaline remedies neutralize the excess acid and restore the balance. Some people, however, make the mistake of taking them when the balance is normal, "as a precaution." Taken in this way they upset the balance and may actually cause indigestion themselves!

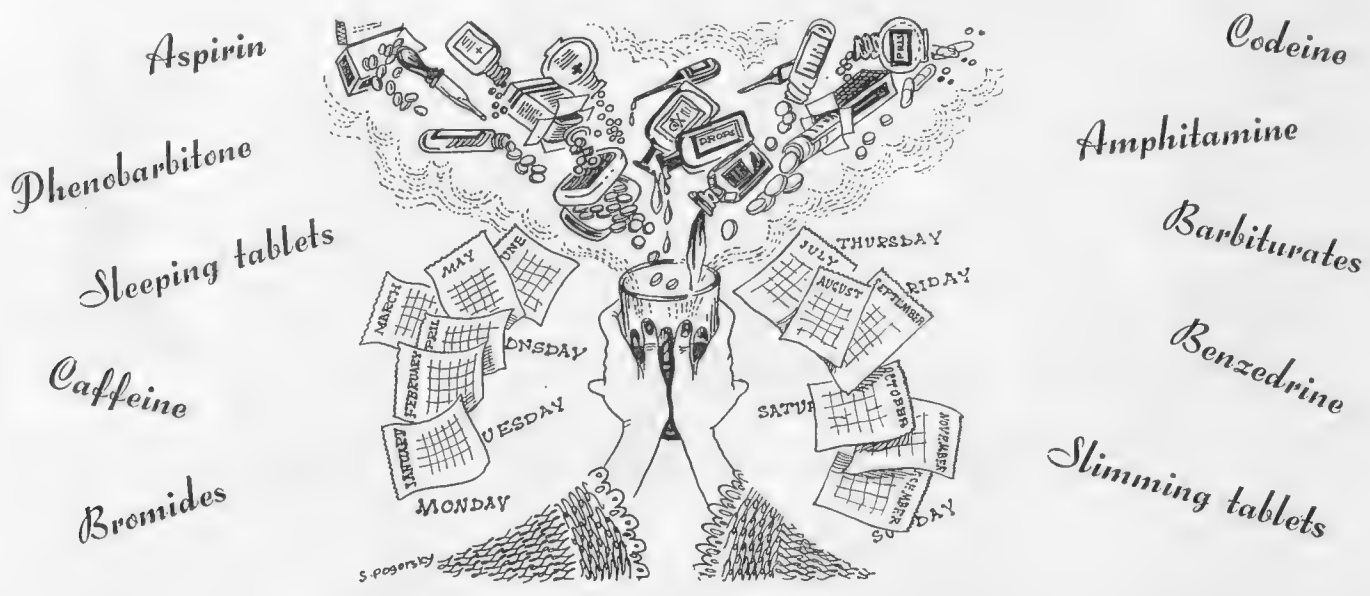
ALMOST everyone takes a laxative at one time or another. Our intestinal muscles are normally in a constant rhythm of contraction and relaxation. Occasionally, this rhythm becomes upset or slowed down and needs a gentle stimulus to set it working again. A laxative supplies an artificial stimulus. Provide the stimulus too often, though, and the muscle becomes lazy. Brisk exercise, fluids, fresh fruit and vegetables are natural stimuli which cannot be overdone.

Liquid paraffin, by the way, is one of the gentlest and most harmless of laxatives, but it has one drawback. Being oily, it dissolves the fat-soluble vitamins A and D and removes them from the body, and so should not be taken regularly over long periods.

Slimming tablets fall into two groups. Amphitamine compounds such as benzedrine, diminish the appetite and at the same time speed up the general working of the body. They usually cause increased mental activity, followed by depression, and in view of these far-reaching effects they should be taken only under medical supervision.

Many other slimming tablets consist of herbs or mineral salts and rely for their effect on a purgative action. This does no harm in moderation, though large quantities taken over long periods may undermine the health considerably. A sensible, disciplined diet and plenty of exercise would perhaps work as many miracles with many waistlines!

The sleeping tablets again fall into two main groups. The smaller group can be bought freely and are harmless, unless indulged in to excess. They consist mainly of bromides which lower the activity of the centre nervous system and induce sleep when sleeplessness is due to anxiety or overwork. In a few people who are susceptible to them bromides produce unpleasant (*continued on page* 54)

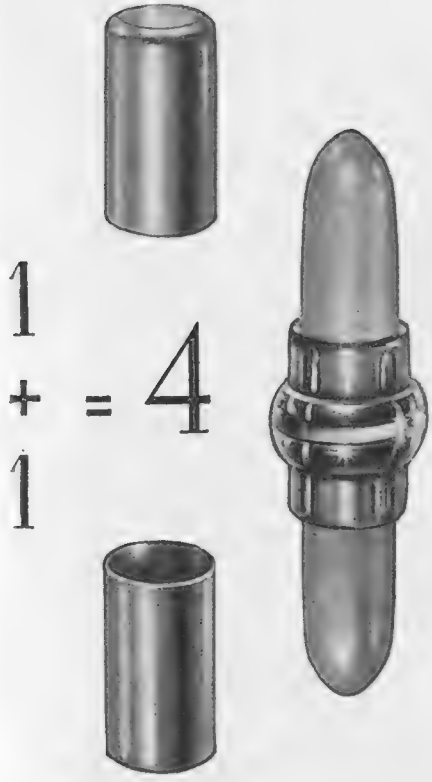


# Sheer genius!

# Elizabeth Arden's

# Duet Lipstick

## in glowing colour harmonies




Use colour over colour as an artist does—the effect is lovely and longer lasting! Now Miss Arden gives you two glorious lipstick shades in one featherlight case . . . to use singly, or blended one over the other, creating two more individual shades. This new lipstick is creamy, with velvety texture and just the right amount of indelibility. Your lips are never dry, but look wonderfully smooth and lustrous, with a glowing, long lasting beauty

*Duet Lipstick in these combinations 13/3*

Stop Red and Crimson Lilac
Sky Blue Pink and Red Feather
Surprise and Rose Mist
April May and Montezuma Red
Desert Pink and Paradise Pink
Striking and Radiant Peony
Blush Rose and Radiant Peony
Paradise Pink and Sky Blue Pink

*Just think, this elegant duet lipstick costs you less than two refills!*

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# Daily Drug Addict (*Continued from page* 52)

side-effects such as nausea, sickness and skin-rashes.

The barbiturate sleeping drugs, of which phenobarbitone is the most common, should never be taken except under medical supervision. It sometimes happens that drugs for which a prescription has been given are not all used up at the time, and the remainder are tucked away in the medicine chest and drawn upon as a "reserve" on other occasions. These barbiturate drugs are very poisonous. They can also be "stored-up" in the system so that repeated doses over a period may have a very strong effect. They are habit-forming, and their regular use leads to toleration, so that larger and larger doses are needed for effect.

Few barbiturate drugs are dangerous if taken under medical supervision, but at the least very unpleasant mental symptoms, and even real danger, may result from drawing on these "unofficial" reserves.

In the taking of all drugs and medicines, moderation gives the best results. Nowadays, we are blessed with so many quick and efficient remedies for disease, but too many people have the same attitude as the patient who said to me recently: "If I take a double dose, will it cure me in half the time?"

END

# Fairy Tales Surrounding The Bride

(*Continued from page* 15)

on the fourth finger of the left hand, believing that finger to be nearest the heart. This is contested by the many nationalities who insist that it is the right hand which is the "heart finger."

In the North of England some of the older countryfolk still remember weddings where the men of the family marched ahead of the bride with guns, shooting into the air to scare off evil spirits, and the bride and groom would walk three times round the church before entering so that they would be properly purified.

It is believed that the old custom of carrying a bride across the threshold is a survival from the times when the couple jumped over fire as an act of purification before entering their house.

The old verse which has several different interpretations usually stresses the need of taking a relic from the old home to the new life.

A jewel lent symbolizes the trust of friendship, and blue is the accepted colour of the Madonna which in all is expressed in the verse every bride heeds:

"Something old and something new
Something borrowed and something blue."

END


**A MESSAGE for MOTHER**

When your child refuses good food at mealtimes, looks pale and listless—these are often signs the youngster is constipated. When you notice them, act at once, Mother!

To bring back your child's eager appetite and high spirits 'California Syrup of Figs' is Mother's natural choice. This laxative, which contains extracts of both senna and ripe figs, is gentle but sure in action—besides, children really love its pleasant taste.

'California Syrup of Figs' will soon regulate the youngster's system and back will come those high spirits and eager appetite.

Make sure your child is regular, healthy and happy—buy a bottle of 'California Syrup of Figs' today (or you can ask for 'Califig' for short) . . . and be sure to look for these registered trade marks on the carton.


# Reality At Last (*Continued from page* 19

put out a feeler: "What are you writing now, Dad?"

"It's a new departure for you to be interested in my work, now that you're a great author!" said Alan Mainstairs, but his vanity was stirred.

"There's stuff in my desk," he added. "Stuff that will yet astound this generation."

"Why not invite a friend to dinner?" suggested Francis. "And read us one of your plays, like you used to do?"

"I no longer entertain," said Alan ungraciously. "But if you are sick of my company ask whom you will. I am not ashamed of my work."

"Of course not, Father."

A FEW days later Virginia Sayle came to the house for the first time. She was a young actress, whom Francis had met, entertaining the troops abroad: a charming witty creature, with a gentle voice and much personality.

Before she came Francis had told her the situation.

"It's not easy to talk about one's father, but he's jealous of me, and, now that Mother's dead, there is no-one to build him up. He's going to pieces fast."

"Tell me, Francis, has he ever done anything good?"

"That's the problem. I don't think he has. Mother financed him to the hilt."

"All make-believe," said Virginia.

"Yes. I don't think a single book would have been published or a single play produced, if Mother hadn't pulled strings. But in the end she believed in her own legend."

Virginia shivered.

"I pray that you and I never have to pretend, my dear."

"We won't tell him we're engaged," said Francis. "He likes to be the centre of interest."

So Virginia came to Pelham Crescent and was introduced to Alan Mainstairs.

"Father, this is Virginia Sayle. She's done splendid work, acting for the troops."

"My dear lady," said Alan gallantly. "I wish I had enjoyed the privilege of serving in this war, as I did in the last. It seems I was born too soon."

"That's very sweet of you, Mr. Mainstairs," said Virginia. "But tonight I hope to be the audience."

The evening was a great success. Alan obviously liked Virginia, finding her amusing and attractive. Also she was a good listener.

After dinner he had been persuaded to read one of his plays. It was one of his earlier and better efforts, like weak Pinero, so that Francis and Virginia were able to praise it, without sounding too false.

"But one day," said Virginia, "I hope you will read me some of your latest work."

"I shall be charmed, if you can spare the time."

IN this way the experiment began, and bore fruit.

Alan Mainstairs took a hold on himself. His clothes were better brushed, he shaved regularly and there were signs that he was working.

Francis was delighted.

"It's wonderful to see Father looking so much fitter," he said. "By Jove, I wish he could write something good."

"Yes," agreed Virginia. "But we've got to be careful."

"How d'you mean?"

"It's plain enough, Francis. We're buttering your father up, flattering his ego, playing your mother's game again."

"I think you're hard."

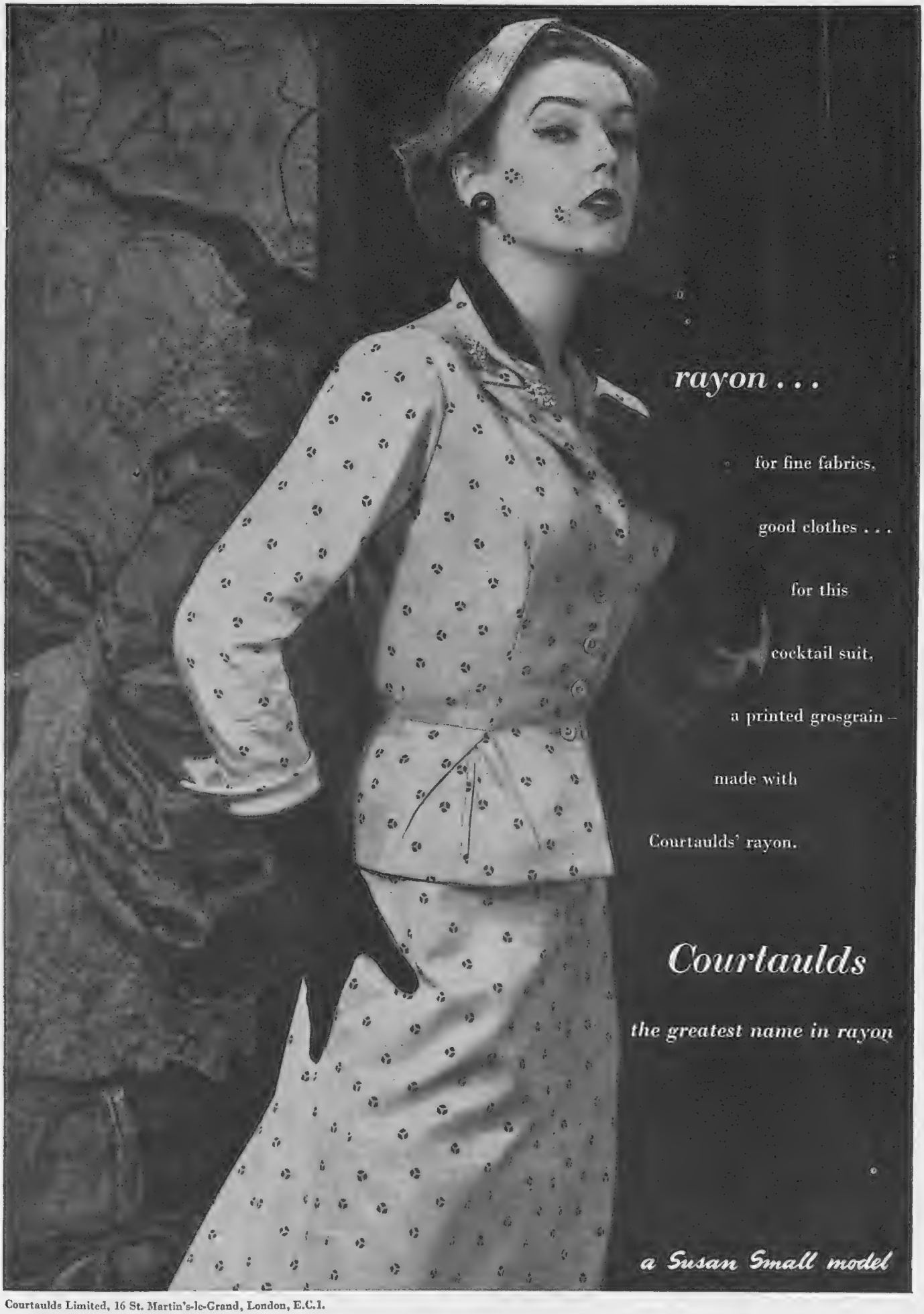
"No. It's you that are soft. There's a streak of sham in your whole family. We want to help your father, not fool him."

"You're right, Virginia. He's been reading us terrible stuff lately."

"I know. He'll want it produced. He'll ask me to act. And there's something else, worse. Your father is in love with me."

"My God, it's unspeakable! Has he said anything?"

"No, but he will. (*Continued on page* 56)

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## Reality At Last

I shall have to stop coming. We should have told him at once. It's the same old story. . . ."

"I feel damned sorry for the old boy."

"So do I, Francis, but we've got to stop it."

"Everything I've got he wants. My youth. A decent war record. The chance of writing a decent play. And you. By the way, he's asked Ogden tonight. You must come tonight, Virginia."

"I will. I'd like to meet Ogden."

"He produced a play of Father's years ago. It was a flop."

"He's a big man now," said Virginia. "He won't touch anything in these days except the best. And when he says 'best' he doesn't mean only box office. He has a standard. You ought to let him see your own play, when it's ready."

"I will, when I've been through it again. I've been typing a fair copy. It's done, bar the last page."

THAT evening Alan Mainstairs was in great form, very old-world and possessive of Virginia.

"This charming lady has been entertaining the troops, Ogden. But I tell her she is far too good for that. I have a fine part for her in my new play."

"Shall we have the privilege of hearing that, after dinner?" asked Ogden, politely, perhaps, resignedly.

"If you can bear with an old friend."

Francis and Virginia looked unhappily at each other, knowing what would be served up for a connoisseur.

When the time came Alan said: "D'you feel in the mood now, Ogden?"

"Delighted, my dear fellow. A glass of that port, and I'm ready for anything."

"I'll go up for the manuscript, then."

"Let me go, Father," said Francis.

"Thanks, but I'm not entirely decrepit. Besides, I know what I want."

Soon he was back, and he sat down under a good light. Then he began to read.

Before he had read six words Francis sat bolt upright. Virginia stiffened, too, and made as if to speak, but Francis signed her into silence. His father's voice went on and on, until a whole act was finished.

"My word, Mainstairs," said Ogden. "You've got something there."

"It's my heart's-blood, my Swan Song," cried Mainstairs.

"Go on, man. I hadn't looked for this," said Ogden, impatiently.

SO Mainstairs read aloud the rest of his son's play, the play begun in Italy and barely finished on the typewriter, in a bedroom upstairs.

"I'd like to discuss this with you," said Ogden at the end. "How in the world did you get the sense of reality? There's not an artificial word in the whole play."

"Let's go upstairs, then, to my study," said Mainstairs. "And perhaps my son will discover that I am not quite a back number. What do you think, Virginia?"

"You must give me time," she said.

When the two older men had gone she turned to Francis.

"What now? Why didn't you stop him?"

"It would have been an ugly scene, in front of Ogden. I don't think he knows what he's doing."

"Of course he knows! He's as cunning as hell. He knows you're too much of a gentleman to give him away. He's so arrogant that he believes I love him too well to speak either. So he's stolen your play and he's got Ogden on a string. What are you going to do?"

"Let him have the play. Let him taste success once in his life. We can afford to wait."

"My God, I love you, but you're a fool. If he gets away with this he'll suck every drop of our blood. He'll be a strutting, crowing sham. What good will that do him?"

"I don't know."

"But I do. He'll live and die a sham to the end, knowing it. Hating himself and making himself unbearable, because he'll be rotting away in spirit. The (*Continued on page* 58)


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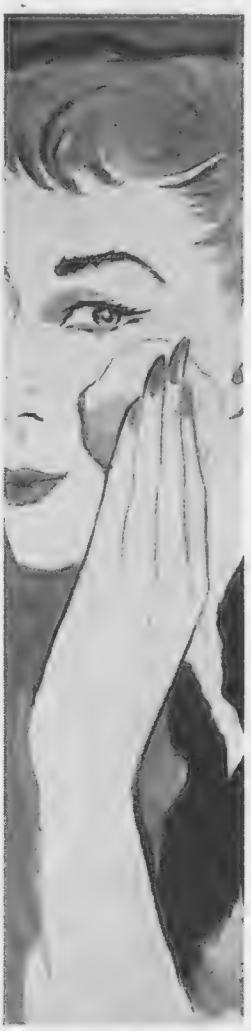

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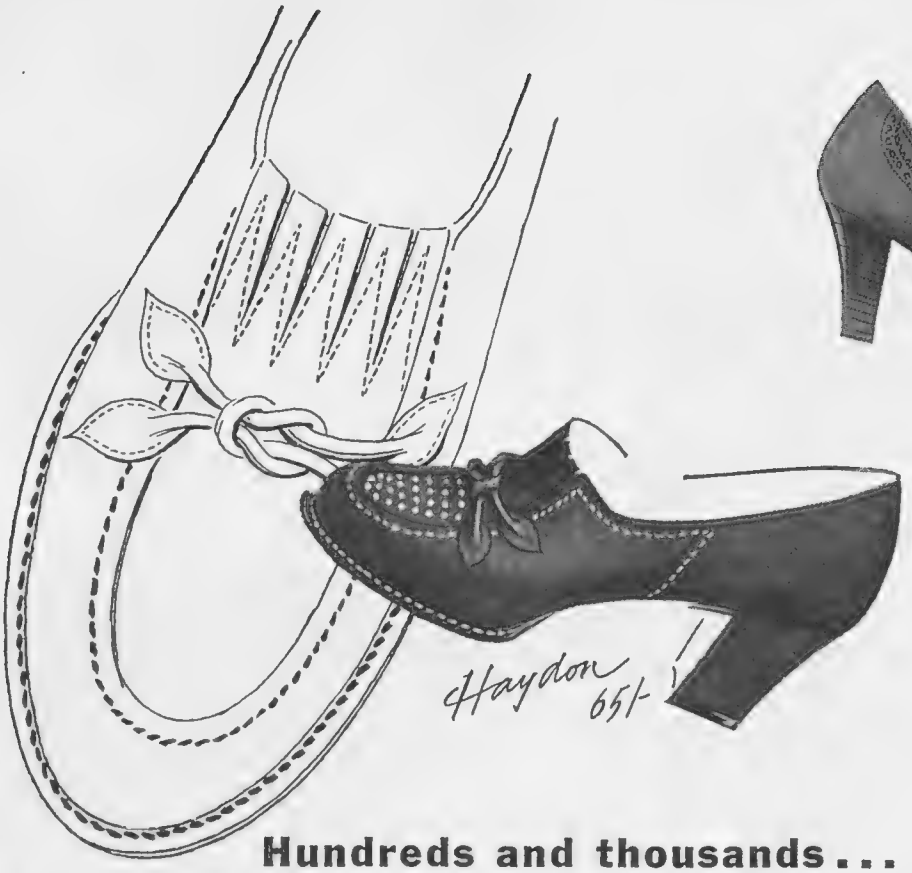

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one thing we've tried to save him from, all these months."

"You're right."

"Then go upstairs and tell the truth, expose him. I'll back you up. It's the surgeon's knife, now, or nothing."

"He's my father, Virginia. It's damned hard."

"If you don't do it I won't marry you. I hate pretence."

"So do I, but. . . ."

"No buts, Francis. Do it. He wants to take me as well. Don't forget that."

Without another word Francis ran up the stairs, but on the upper landing Ogden met him.

"I want to see my father," said Francis. "Come back with me, please."

"Come down a minute," replied Ogden. "I must talk to you."

"Is anything wrong?"

"That's hard to tell," said Ogden. "All I can do is to tell you what happened. Sit down."

"And you too, my dear," he added to Virginia, as they joined her.

"Thank you."

"Well, I'd just told Alan Mainstairs what a remarkable man he was. Keeping his best work to the last, like Verdi. 'Your stuff used to be third rate,' I said. 'Always?' he asked, and I knew he was hurt. 'My dear chap,' I replied, 'that shouldn't worry you any more. You've lain fallow, and thrown up a masterpiece.' 'Is that really it, Ogden?' 'You must know it.' 'Well,' he said, slumping down in his chair and shrivelling. 'Now, I've got it straight.'

"After that," continued Ogden. "He wouldn't speak another word. He sat there,

## Reality At Last

like a dead man. I think we ought to get a doctor."

And then Mainstairs came out of his study. He walked, with shuffling feet, to the head of the stairs, where he halted and spoke, in his old vein.

"A hint of deception, my dear people. Just a subtle veil of mystification. The father annexes the plot of his son's play. What a theatre! What a situation! What a rare dénouement for your last act. Magnificent, my dear Francis, magnificent."

And he collapsed, with his hand on his heart, dead.

"So that was it," said Ogden, as he went to the telephone. "Reality at the last gasp in his own style."

END

# The Villages Of Essex (*Continued from page 20*)

trio and illustrate how various is the history of the typical Saxon settlement. Leigh-on-Sea has been almost swallowed in the urban development of Southend, Rayleigh has become a small and prosperous market town, but Purleigh remains the village that it has always been, its church and manor farm, its inn and group of little cottages standing proudly on the side of a low hill very much as they were a thousand years ago.

THOUGH the forests of oak have disappeared the tradition of afforested country survives in the forests of Epping and Hainault, in the woods about Blackmore and, above all, in the generously wooded country with its hundreds of graceful coppices and fine hedgerow timber that makes the landscapes between the Roding Valley and the outskirts of London so varied and colourful.

The north of the county, by contrast, in Saxon days was more open, especially where the chalk hills which link the Chiltern Hills with the East Anglian Heights cross the northern marches of Essex and give many square miles of fertile country under their southern-facing slopes. Here the Saxon settlements were more numerous and in the Later Middle Ages far wealthier and larger than in the south of the county. From the fourteenth century onwards, when England's medieval woollen boom was well established, the villages of northern Essex shared in the national prosperity. Places like Finchingfield and Great Bardfield, Thaxted and Bumpstead grew apace, while their ancient cottages of wattle and daub were replaced by fine half-timbered and plastered houses in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Many of these handsome dwelling places were so well built that they are still inhabited today and give to the villages an air of well-being and an atmosphere of mellow beauty which sets them apart from the villages of any other part of England except perhaps the Cotswold country.

WHEN the woollen boom came to an end and the accent of Britain's prosperity changed to corn, Essex was still well favoured. The countryside to the south of the chalk hills and farther east overlooking the valley of the Stour proved to be some of the richest corn land of England and still further enhanced the prosperity of its villages. Now the leader of village society was the miller, who replaced the woollen merchant as the wealthiest man in the district, while gradually the farming community achieved a higher and higher standard of living.

That is why villages like Thaxted have a legacy of beautiful old buildings not confined to any one century but spanning the whole period of the county's rural prosperity from the fifteenth to the eighteenth century and later. Fine Elizabethan houses are side by side with graceful Georgian residences while the cottages are unusually well built and trim.

All this adds up to a picture of unusual charm based on the dogged Essex character assisted by the wealth of the land and the changing fortunes of history. There is added interest in many of the villages which springs partly from the paradox that Essex has no natural resources of building materials. The village builders through the ages have had to adapt their designs to whatever materials they could lay their hands upon.

The forest of the south provided for the building of all the early homes. Timber, in fact, remained the staple building material of most of Essex until the modern era of gaudy brick. The trunks of oak trees from which the nave of Greensted Church near Ongar is still composed came from the forest, so did the timber to build the manor houses and cottages five hundred years later. Even today where the fabric of rural cottages is decaying one can see the crumbling "lath and plaster" of the outer walls. The later medieval builders made these cottages weatherproof by means of weather boarding—overlapping strips of timber which acted as chutes and prevented rain or dampness from seeping into the living-rooms. Almost every village has a few examples of these old weather-boarded cottages, many of them now gaily painted pink or white.

THE very absence of building stone, too, encouraged the medieval craft of parge-work, or pargeting, which consisted merely of adding a plaster covering to the cottage or house and superimposing a design on the plaster. Some of the designs still clearly visible on cottage fronts are simple and geometrical, others on larger houses are fanciful pictorial designs rivalling the well-known beauty of the Sparrow's House at Ipswich. In the many villages to the north of Thaxted such parge-work designs are especially common.

Here and there one can find lovely examples of medieval brickwork, as at Layer Marney Towers, one of the earliest of brick-built mansions. Here and there, too, in village churches there are the tell-tale signs of thin red Roman bricks which were eagerly seized upon by the church builders from the ruins of the many Roman settlements built when Essex was a very prosperous part of the Roman province. The supreme example of this is the busy modern town of Colchester, where medieval castle and abbey alike show clearly that they were built by the Normans almost entirely from the ruins of Roman Camalodunum.

In spite of their great interest and unchallenged beauty, few of the Essex villages have individual fame. Apart from one or two like Finchingfield and Thaxted which have gradually become well known they can be appreciated by the wayfarer even on a fine summer Sunday without the distraction of scores of other sightseeing visitors—and that in spite of the fact that many of the most charming such as Greensted and Blackmore and Writtle are less than thirty miles from the centre of the metropolis.

Among the few which stand out in the annals of national history, the fortress village of Hedingham is still dominated by the keep of its Norman castle, built soon after the conquest to serve with London and Colchester the purpose of holding the rebellious Saxons in check. Then there is the other fortress village of Pleshey, a place which was fortified more than two thousand years ago, before the Romans had come to Britain, and which in the Middle Ages was the stronghold of the powerful Mandevilles, Earls of Essex and later of the de Bohuns, Earls of Hereford. Pleshey has almost forgotten its medieval fame, for nothing remains of its castle except the earthen mound on which the keep was built.

ONGAR, now half village, half town, was an important market town in the Middle Ages, as its full name, Chipping Ongar, suggests, and still retains the moat and mound of its medieval castle. Blackmore, a particularly charming place of timbered cottages and many quaint corners, has a less illustrious but equally secure place in history. There was a priory here of which the priory church has become the modern parish church. Nearby Jericho House was a secret trysting place of Henry VIII, which has given us the expression "Go to Jericho" from the King's habit of disappearing at moments of great state tension to this convenient hide-out.

Hempstead in the north has a still less respectable link with history. Its parish register records the christening of a certain Richard Turpin, though it must for ever remain doubtful whether this Richard is really the notorious Dick. The local inn claims to be his birthplace and the countryside around has many legends and traditions centering on the highwaymen and brigands who flourished when the main roads going to the north through Essex were specially vulnerable to ambush.

That is a modest enough roll of fame. It is appropriate that it should be so, for fame is the very antithesis of the quality of Essex villages. Our pleasure is to go from village to village along the many miles of narrow winding byways to the Easters and the Rodings and to the scores of villages whose names mean nothing to any except the people who dwell in them or in neighbouring parishes. Our reward is when we happen suddenly and unexpectedly upon the perfect village group, when we find a quiet hamlet set about a village green or a feudal-looking village clustered about its church and manor house, or just a single cottage with pargeted front and heavily thatched roof. If such simple and lovely things as those are our object Essex will provide them in plenty.

END

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*says* **Helena Rubinstein**

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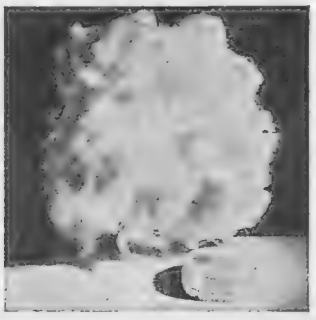
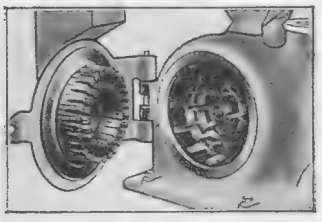


All this silk goes into one box of powder. *This photograph shows how much fluffy, soft, real silk goes into one box of Helena Rubinstein face powder. No wonder it must cost rather more than ordinary powder!*



For those who can't imagine how it can be done. *This wonderful machine, rotating at tremendous speed, crushes the silk fibres until a powder of incredible softness is obtained. So soft that if you shut your eyes and dip your finger in, you can't feel when your finger is touching the powder!*

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*Powder 11/8, Foundation 10/10. Lipstick 11/8*

Helena Rubinstein

FACE POWDER ACTUALLY MADE OF SILK — REAL SILK

# Mamma Knows Best (*Continued from page 34*)

Kiss me, my dearest child, and dress with care tomorrow. Your fiancé is to make a formal morning call with his mother. We dine with them the following day."

THE call was a howling failure. Charlett did nothing to ruin it, but ruined it was, by the very fact that she did nothing. A great fire glowed in the stately drawing-room in Grosvenor Street, glowed on the wine-red damask walls and gilded French furniture, but the atmosphere grew chillier with every tick of the ormolu clock. The impression of the visit Charlett carried upstairs afterwards to her own room was of the thin chit-chat of her mother and Lady Orr-Williams—a dumpy nonentity in brown silk, feathered bonnet and furs—and the hazy vagueness of someone stolid in black frock coat, correctly braided and tight-waisted, who sat perched beside her on the settee for fifteen agonizing moments. Charlett never lifted her eyes beyond his waistcoat, which was of plain buff cloth, guiltless of embroidery. Her brother Victor's waistcoats were of brilliant hue and richly worked in gorgeous silks. Charlett herself wore a white organdie muslin sprigged with white, and had the satisfaction of overhearing Lady Orr-Williams murmur:

"So fresh, so charming! I do declare, the very picture of Lucy in dear Miss Edgeworth's *Tales*! Dear Lady Arabella, we mammas could have no greater joy than this. Such a delightfully matched pair. . . ."

There seemed little object in talking to Mr. Orr-Williams, so Charlett saved her breath. Her "fiancé" likewise appeared satisfied with the status quo or was too diffident to improve upon it. The conversation they achieved was even more painful than their silence.

"I believe you are to dine with us tomorrow?" the gentleman offered, breaking a pause of seven minutes and a half.

Charlett's eyes remained fixed on the ormolu clock. She inclined her head a quarter of an inch in acknowledgement, but:

"You'd better not believe it!" was her inward retort.

"The weather continues cold, Miss Daintree." Certainly his voice seemed chilled by it!

CHARLETT lowered her eyes in cool assent, by which action she observed his boots, black, well-polished, but otherwise nondescript and placed stiffly together before him on the flowered Aubusson rug. Her brother's boots were thinner, more pointed, with elaborate toe-caps, came from Lobb's of St. James's Street and were outrageously expensive.

"I'm a horrid little snob!" she thought. "No, I don't object to the Orr-Williams boots, but I do object to who wears them! He's hopeless. Let his dear mamma find him some other wife!"

This was why she left a note on her pincushion for her own mamma, and why she ordered the carriage the following morning, and drove to the London-Bristol terminus, and reached her Aunt Fanny's, near Reading, later in the day, covered with soot from the belching tall chimney of the engine. And the tears on her cheeks had made smeary rivulets through the soot. She looked an appalling little fright, but her Aunt Fanny gave only one gasp before opening her arms wide, the grey curls bobbing from beneath her cap.

"Oh, my goodness, love, what now?"

Charlett sank into the warm embrace.

"Auntie, Mr. Orr-Williams——"

"Yes, I've heard some rumour or other. You know, love, he——"

"Auntie, his mamma, his boots . . . ! Not that I mind them, but I—I won't be Mrs. Orr-Williams to order!"

"Of course not, love," soothed Aunt Fanny, patting her niece's back and looking pensive. "What I say is, your Mr. Thingummy-Williams must be a great goose."

Comforted, Charlett choked back her tears. In spite of the soot, the smile which broke out like sunshine after a storm was engaging.

"Hmph, that duck of a tip-tilted nose and those lustrous eyes! She's as lovely as she gave promise of being, the monkey." Aunt Fan hid a satisfied grin and merely said:

"Throw off your cloak, love, and come to the fire. There's hot giblet-pie just out of the oven, and after supper you can help me feed the fowls. We're short-handed, it being Lady Day Fair all this week at Reading. I've let the dairy-maids and the poultry-lad go today, and the housemaids will be wanting a fairing as well, so they shall walk over later in the week. I'll be glad of your help, and it'll take your mind off your troubles, love."

"I like to be busy. Auntie, mammas *can't* know best, can they?"

"Fiddlesticks! Don't trip over that pail, deary. But your Mr. What's-it-Williams, now, he——"

"I never once deigned to look at him, Auntie! I never raised my eyes above his waistcoat. Let his mamma find him some other girl!"

"Now *he*," observed Aunt Fanny, taking the lantern, "wants his ears boxed. Gentlemen often do, dear, especially when they're courting. Mind your lace petticoats against that nail."

BY the end of the week, Charlett was quite a country lass and seemed to have grown prettier still in the process. All the same, capable though she was of handling reins, it was stupid of her cousin Tom to let her drive the gig home alone from the fair. But boys will be boys and Tom was at the stage where a cudgel-match is of far more importance than a girl. Nor could he foresee the thunderstorm which suddenly darkened the heavens. That one sharp clap startled the pony and, before Charlett could control his capers, she found herself whirling down the lonely road, the gig rocking crazily from side to side beneath the lashing rain.

She struggled to her feet and dragged on the ribbons with all her might, but the pony's headlong dash showed no sign of slackening. Grimly she hung on to the wet, slippery reins, vaguely aware of an echoing thud of hooves behind her.

A horseman shot ahead of the gig, checked his foam-flecked mount, wheeled it about, rearing—— Then the rider bent in his saddle, grasped at the runaway's bridle, hung on to it with a grip like iron. . . . The gig came safely to a standstill.

White and shaken, Charlett sank to the seat. The horseman had dismounted and was beside her, fanning her as best he could with his handkerchief, his breath convulsive, his eyes scanning her anxiously. Keen, alert brown eyes they were, and the hand gripping her shoulder was almost painfully muscular. A heavy-shouldered, well-built countryman, he looked, in brown coat with capacious pockets and stout leggings. A bold and skilful horseman, too, for his rounding up of the terrified pony had been no mean feat.

CHARLETT'S head drooped to the stranger's shoulder. She was trembling in the reaction from fright and the steadying arm about her seemed like renewed strength itself. She forced herself however, to sit up and shakily smile her thanks. And white though she was, with tumbled ringlets and crumpled frock, Charlett's smile was always a dimpled delight.

"I cannot find words, sir, with which to express——"

"Are you really unhurt? Can you assure me no bones are broken? I'm afraid you were severely jolted. You must allow me to offer you rest and shelter from the storm. My house is just beyond the crossroads."

He led the lathered, trembling pony forward, through a wide stone gateway and up a long drive curving between two rows of tall old spreading beech-trees. It was quite an imposing house they came to, almost a mansion, though he himself looked more like a tenant-farmer than its squire. But his voice, full-toned and mellow, lacked a countryman's burr. Calmly, he lifted Charlett from the gig and carried her indoors, with as little ado as though she had been a bundle of straw! Strong, yet beautifully gentle, he laid her on a sofa in a comfortable parlour, leather-chaired, book-lined and warmed by a generous log fire. A motherly housekeeper soon had Charlett to rights, so profuse was she with foot-warmers, rugs and steaming cordials.

CHARLETT'S host reappeared an hour later, and her bright look met with a genial smile from him.

"I am glad to see you are making an excellent recovery——"

"Oh, I was not in the least hurt, only shaken."

"You kept your head splendidly, Miss Daintree, and showed admirable courage."

"And *you*, Mr. Bland——oh, how can I ever thank you enough? You saved me from a horrible accident!"

"My housekeeper has told you my name, then?"

"Yes, she mentioned it when she came in to inquire how I was feeling after the warm elder wine. But I neglected to give her my name. How is it you know it?"

"I am acquainted with your aunt, Miss Daintree, and I intended calling at the farm, hearing she had a visitor. We country folk are neighbourly, you know, and warm-hearted, and we welcome strangers and like to entertain them in our simple way."

Simple or not, he appeared to own a quite superior carriage, complete with liveried coachman, and he himself was most decidedly the gentleman. Why, one heard whispered tales of young ladies stranded for one reason or another in lonely country houses, where every advantage was taken of the situation. . . . But once within his walls, Mr. Bland had not so much as touched her fingertips. He conducted her to his carriage and escorted her home. The exhausted pony and the gig, which had a damaged wheel, were to be returned the following day.

AUNT FAN'S mouth dropped open when she saw her niece at the farmhouse door with Mr. Bland, but her surprise and alarm were of that comfortable variety which are soon allayed.

"Sakes alive, that Tom!" she exclaimed. "A rope's-ending is what he'll get from me. The pony bolted, did he? Deary me, your ringlets, love! Never mind, your bones are safe. Mr. Bland, how shall we ever be able to thank. . . . Oh, you call it just neighbourly, do you? There, you will always have your laugh! Well, well, there's a lovely loin of roast pork and October ale and. . . . Oh, very well, you'd better be off since there's no moon and more rain on the way, judging by my rheumatics. Say good night, Charlett, and I'm sure we can't be grateful enough."

"Who is Mr. Bland?" she continued, when the door was shut. "He's just a neighbour, owner of that fine place, The Old Beeches. Married? Not that I know of. I fancy, love, he has some sort of grudge against the ladies, else why hasn't one of 'em snapped him up? You shall hear me tease him about it when he calls. Handsome? Oh, a fine enough figure of a man, if you admire the rugged sort. . . . Gentleman-farmer? That, amongst other things. He isn't one to be idle. Now where's that Molly got to with the skim-milk for the hens? Goggling out of an upper window after Mr. Bland's carriage, I'll be bound."

Broad in the shoulder, muscular, yet gentleness itself when he had borne her in his arms. . . . Charlett would see him again, perhaps tomorrow, yet she must not linger indefinitely at Aunt Fan's. Soon, she must return to her irate mamma in Grosvenor Street. . . .

All next day she contrived to linger by the parlour window, which overlooked the gate, but there was no sign of a handsome figure in a brown coat and sturdy leggings. The pony and gig were returned by a stable-boy. (*Continued on page 62*)

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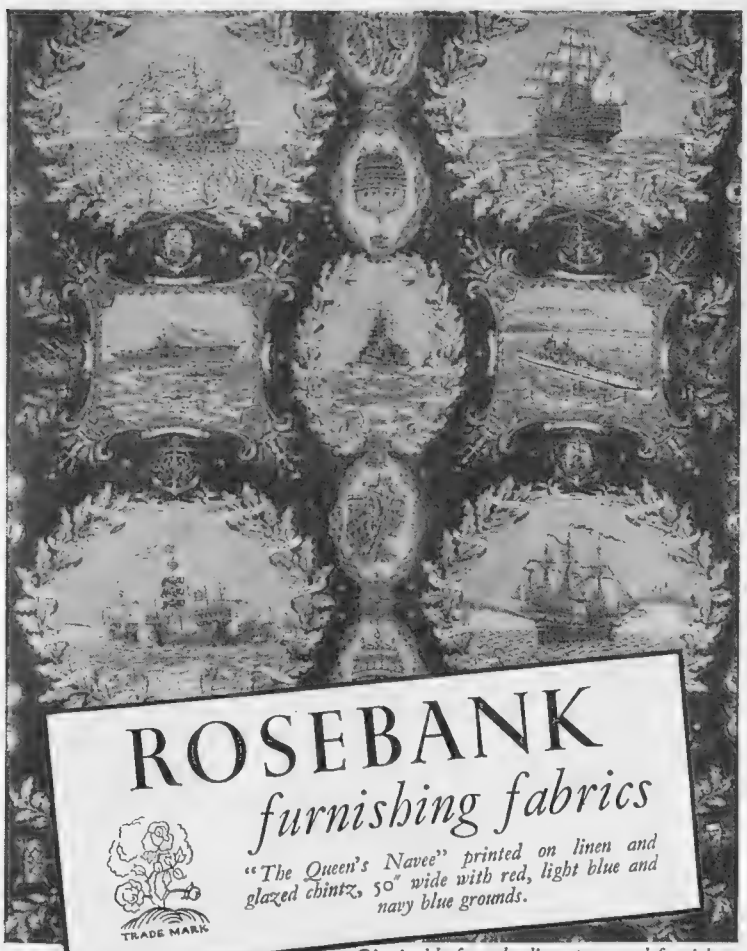

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Charlett lingered in the garden the following day, wetting her feet in the long grass. Her heart leapt when she caught the rhythmic beat of hoofs. . . . Mr. Bland strode up the garden path. Here was the kind of man she could like, could love, could adore. . . .

Aunt Fan was maddeningly tactless that morning, settling down for a good gossip with their caller when she might have guessed that her niece and he would enjoy a stroll in the garden. There was nothing in the manual on etiquette against strolls in a garden, always provided the house was kept in sight. Yew-hedges and arbours were out of bounds, of course, but Aunt Fan's garden was guiltless of these. Charlett chafed at Aunt Fan's aimless tinkle of talk.

"AND so," she was saying, "you are determined to leave the Old Beeches to the mercy of a housekeeper! Well, Mr. Bland, I'm an old woman and can say what I like, and what I say is, you've taken the wrong road. Suppose your friend has suffered a rebuff? You are not him and I say he's a sissy to mind it!"

"Ah, Mrs. Fan, but his heart is remarkably tender and it's bleeding mortally from the wound. I'm afraid he'll not recover. Being similarly soft myself in that department, I've taken warning from his experience."

"Stuff! As if anyone can benefit from another's experience!"

"But she never once even looked at him, and he ready to adore her!"

"A good spanking——"

"He'd no opportunity or, believe me, she'd have got one! Then she bolted and he hasn't laid eyes on her since. Oh, and she was expected to dine with him, you know, and never even sent her excuses . . . ! And it was at his house, after dinner, that he'd planned to get her apart, away from *his* mamma and *her* mamma, those blessed dames, and explain himself and—and—well, push on with matters generally, you understand. But he sees now, of course, what a fool's game he'd been at to listen to a girl's praises being sung, and as good as agree to offer his hand before even meeting her. Catch him risking himself again! No, he'd done with the affair. But it was those good women, you know, the mammas, bless 'em!—with their damned (beg pardon, Ma'am!) hurrying and interfering. Women never *can* wait. They always want to hustle things on. So he, the blockhead——"

"He was too good-natured and let his own judgment be overridden by his mother's. That was it, I'll swear! Deary me," and Aunt Fan clicked her tongue, shaking her head till her cap-ribbons trembled.

"It was something like that, I daresay. But, as it happens, Mrs. Fan, it's just as well."

"Why?"

CHARLETT, seated between the two, listened as she had never listened before. Strained and pale, her very ears felt pointing towards each speaker.

"Why is it just as well?" Aunt Fan repeated.

"Because when he saw the girl——"

"Wasn't she as charming as he'd supposed?"

"Far from it!"

"Oh my, how shocking!"

"Yes. She'd an obstinate look about her, and her manner, he considered, was downright ill-bred. She gave herself airs, showed *hauteur*, you know, towards him. He'd always believed that genuine good breeding——"

"Of course! It shows in simplicity of manner, in kindliness. . . ."

"And in courage. Somehow, he felt she didn't lack courage, by the looks of her. And he's since heard that she's as brave as a young lion when danger threatens."

"Hmph, that's something in her favour. Well, I'm all for rope's-endings, Mr. Bland, and if ever he meets her again——"

But Mr. Bland was gazing musingly into the fire.

"They say," he observed, "that her smile is as lovely as woman's smile can be, but he had no chance of judging. Pity, eh, Mrs. Fan? You see, he's a romantic fool, for all he's a City man (and a squire of sorts when his desk can spare him). And this romantic fool had woven dreams about the child with the adorable dimples he'd heard of. He would have made her as happy as he could, the misguided loon, who had fallen in love with an idea instead of a reality! He'd have given her all her heart could desire, considered her his treasure, the—the dearest of his heart. So much for dreams, Mrs. Fan!

But Mrs. Fan had leapt to her feet and was sniffing the air wildly.

"Heaven's gracious, it's baking-day and they're letting my gingerbread burn!"

Her skirts whirled through the door.

Charlett's cheeks burned hotter than the gingerbread.

"Mr.—Bland," she stuttered out courageously, "You've told my story, and of course you know you have! Wh-who are you?"

"I'm Bertram Bland Orr-Williams," he retorted blandly, "and what are you going to do about my wounded feelings, you young vixen?"

"Oh!" Her voice was faint. "I suppose Aunt Fan knew who you were all the time?"

"I merely dropped the old dear a hint to call me Mr. Bland for the time being. Charlett, when these glossy brown ringlets of yours are grey, I hope you'll resemble your aunt."

"Mr. Orr-Williams, I—I'm going to faint!"

"Then pray lean on me!"

WELL, that broad chest and those muscular arms *were* a help. . . . Neither he nor she had ever been told that a long and most delicious kiss was an antidote for faintness, but it worked wonders. Then they began to whisper, until Charlett suddenly leapt up, clasping her hands and blushing.

"Oh . . . the manual on etiquette, and—and mamma! I am not at *all* sure, Mr. Orr-Williams, that mamma would approve that kiss!"

Her fiancé remained unperturbed.

"Indeed, Miss Daintree, I am convinced she would have looked the other way. You see, this is an occasion for triumph. Your mamma and mine will never cease to remind us that *they knew best*. . . ."

END

# Pot Luck (*Continued from page* 31)

a bold grouping of plants in white-painted latticed metal window-boxes look most effective. Or you might like the eye-level wall-holder designed by the architect, Philip Guilmant. This ingenious device clings with its crooked feet to picture-rail or hook, making a firm support for pots between 2 ins. and 6 ins. There is a rod to take care of plants of either a climbing or trailing nature, and water poured into the container will seep through into the pot without disturbing the foliage.

Whatever plants you choose, make careful notes of the nurseryman's advice—and stick to it. More plants are killed by kindness than by neglect. Over-watering is the main cause of failure, so avoid that fatal daily dribble. Remember, too, that most plants like tight shoes. Never re-pot unless protruding roots prove the operation necessary. In many cases the safest method is to break the pot to avoid disturbing the roots. I learnt this lesson the hard way when a handsome six-foot rubber plant died after transplanting.

If plants have to be left for some time unattended, fill buckets or baths with water. With tape or cotton lamp wicks, connect each pot with the water supply, burying one end in the earth, holding the other one down in the water with stones or bricks. The tapes act as conductors, allowing your plants to draw up the necessary moisture. A much less risky business than leaving them to the well-meaning attentions of a daily dribbler!

Here are a few of the prettier plants which enjoy growing indoors:

**Billbergia,** large and handsome with fleshy grey and green mottled leaves and pink flower spike. Likes sun and warmth, and a little water poured into its hollow heart once a week.

**Begonia Rex** prized for its decorative green and claret-coloured leaves. Likes a shady spot, weekly watering and an occasional tonic in the form of fertilizer.

**Sanseviera** has tall leaves of burnished green and gold. Not cheap to buy, but will last a lifetime treated with care. Water only four times a year, but sponge leaves once a month.

**Rhoicissus** is a fine plant that appreciates life in a shady corner. Water regularly. Is easily increased from cuttings.

**Helxine Soleirolii** is more generally known as Mind-Your-Own-Business. Grows like a festoon of bright green moss and will cheerfully go on for ever.

END

# What, Never Been On A Diet? (*Continued from page* 39)

So there it is, ladies. Wise, balanced, intelligent eating—and the new YOU; or the old, haphazard pleasures of the table, and a tired, thickening, gradually deteriorating you. Which to choose?

The Hauser régime is no here-today-gone-tomorrow flirtation. He is too good a psychologist not to be aware of the disenchantment that must follow the breakdown of an optimum diet. He seeks your constant allegiance. But I believe there could be a middle of the road approach to dieting. Freak summers have compelled us to reject the old cast-no-clout theory, since May usually turns up smartly with a heat wave, and we discard winter woollies and put them on again and take them off again and put them on again, according to temperatures and not dates.

So perhaps the solution could be an off-and-on diet, balancing periods of letting-go against periods of discipline, and punctuating the routines with stern common sense. Spell "diet" another way, and you get "edit," a far pleasanter word.

And, just as a by-the-way, it might interest future social and diet historians to note that men *still* admire plump, pretty women. . .

END

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# The Way To Church (*Continued from page* 16)

Gloucestershire village of Barnsley just three hundred years ago. Two women on leaving church after Morning Prayer were bold enough to wander into the neighbouring fields. They were promptly charged with "Profane walking on the Sabbath" and fined sixpence each. Their refusal to pay the fine led to both women being confined to the village stocks for an hour.

Churchgoers at Chapel-en-le-Frith amid the bleak Derbyshire hills are still reminded of the old penalties of lawlessness for a walk through the Market Place to church takes them straight past the old village stocks. They also pass an older treasure—the shaft, with knotwork, of a cross, thought by some to be Saxon, which was found in a wall three miles from the church.

THE way to church is often made exciting if we recall the famous men and women who walked this same path centuries ago. I never visit Ashbourne Church—often called the gateway to the Peak—without remembering Izaak Walton and John Wesley, Dr. Johnson—staying in his friend Dr. Taylor's house nearby—and King Charles who well knew the fourteenth-century spire of this fine church which shows itself far across these bare, windswept hills of Derbyshire. Two years ago when I walked up the path into Ashbourne Church, thousands of daffodils, though bent by the cold north winds, continued to bloom a full three weeks after my own in a Sussex garden had died. Almost as late were the spring flowers in the smoke-swept churchyard at Selston in Nottinghamshire, where the way to church lies beside the grave of Dan Boswell, a so-called King of the Gipsies. It is a pity that one can no longer decipher his epitaph which once read :

"I've lodged in many a town,
I've travelled many ayear,
But death at length has brought me down
To my last lodging here."

No less strange is the epitaph on a gravestone beside the path to Chailey parish church in Sussex. It is in memory of Thomas Jeffery who died a hundred years ago, aged eighteen. "When pursuing his trade as a butcher," it reads, "his knife slipped and injured the main artery of his thigh, after which he lived only one hour. Thus suddenly was this young communicant taken to his rest.

"In the midst of life we are in death."

Some residents of Chailey recently celebrated his centenary by drinking his health in ginger wine in the old slaughterhouse near to the church, where the tragedy occurred. Not twenty yards from his grave is a yew, said to be a thousand years old, in whose trunk a chaffinch and a wren built nests which were so close to each other that people walking up the churchyard path used to say "Surely they're semi-detached."

No way to church is more impressive than the approach to St. Martin's Chapel at the Heritage Craft Schools, Chailey, so well known to Kipling and Galsworthy. The visitor may pass the Carpenters' Shop which carries over the door the words : "MEN MADE HERE." The boy who painted the letters was without arms, so he did the job with his feet. Reaching this beautiful Chapel, we find beside the door the flag of H.M.S. Superb, as it led the Allied Fleets into Constantinople when Turkey acknowledged defeat in the first World War.

It is another war which springs to mind as the visitor to Lindfield, Sussex—a favourite haunt of Charles Dickens—walks up the attractive village street and finds a strange wooden staircase leading from this fourteenth-century church. "It's a way out for the children to use in the event of an air raid," I was told.

Almost as surprising are the stone steps marking the way to Brinton Church, Warwickshire, though many churches—Pulborough and Bramber in Sussex, for instance—are approached by old stone steps, sometime—as at Pulborough—with an interesting lychgate at the top. I never go to Cuckfield, surely one of the most charming old villages of mid-Sussex, without walking through the lychgate into the churchyard where one may gaze far across the Weald. The congregation at Cuckfield once did special honour to the heroes of Waterloo, for an old notice hanging on the tower announces that the collection on July 30 will be in aid of the families of the men killed and wounded "in the signal victory of Waterloo."

IT is the Duke of Wellington who comes to mind again as one walks along the way to Rottingdean Church, passing the old homes of Sir Edward Burne-Jones and Rudyard Kipling. The church contains some old Saxon work, but almost the first thing the visitor notices is the marble figure of a former vicar, the Rev. Dr. Hooker, who taught three boys whose achievements speak well for his training. They were the Duke of Wellington, Cardinal Manning and the novelist, Bulwer Lytton, whose centenary occurs next year.

It was Cardinal Manning who was to know intimately the way to another Sussex church, Graffham, in the well-wooded country of West Sussex. The way to this church has long been well known for the weird lock on the thirteenth-century vestry door; the exposed springs and bolts and catches of this lock arousing no little respect, among many generations of clergy and choirmen, for the skilled ironworker who made it so many centuries ago, Cardinal Manning was rector there a century ago.

Amberley is the resort of many a south country rambler. Not many realize that the yew beside the path to the church door was successfully transplanted two centuries ago, after it had spent three hundred years growing in the Vicarage garden. Clearly the Festival of Britain organizers, and the late Lord Moyne at Bailiff's Court, near Climping, Sussex, were by no means the first people to experiment in transplanting mature trees.

MORE fine old yews mark the path to the Saxon church at Worth, while at Warnham, near Horsham, where Shelley was born, there is a yew tunnel at the entrance to the churchyard. Climping—with another old yew beside the churchyard path—boasts some Saxon work about its roof, but its most impressive feature is the splendid Norman doorway with slots in the wall (see photograph) to which an ancient drawbridge was fixed. This was raised when refugees were hiding in the building.

The path to the Norman church of Shipley, Sussex—home village of Hilaire Belloc—consists of ancient paving stones said to have been laid by the Knights Templars. More often in southern England, we find the way to church marked by a tapsel gate—or topsy-turvey gate—fixed to a central pivot. There is one at East Dean (see photograph) and another at Kingston, near Lewes.

One wonders how many people on their way to Ringmer Church, Sussex, have noticed the gravestone worn low by the knife-sharpening of generations of village butchers. It was this village which Gilbert White used to visit, for his aunt—and Timothy the tortoise—lived there. Sometimes he would leave the village and ride on the Downs, where on one occasion, he "only saw several kites. . . . and buzzards." Was the gravestone worn low in his day, I wonder, or—since he lived before the time of Loudon—was he in too much of a hurry to notice it? We may wonder too what the good people of Barnsley in Gloucestershire would have thought of this habit of sharpening knives on gravestones? Surely they would have wanted to confine the Ringmer butchers to the stocks—"For Profane Sharpening of Knives beside the Way to Church."

END

# Big Business Without Bustle (*Continued from page* 40)

shoe boxes, they print their own labels, and have chemical laboratories researching on such things as scenting shoe-polishes, not to mention the clerical and maintenance work necessary to a huge firm. This gives no end of variety and scope of employment, which not only absorbs the entire population of the town but also the people of the surrounding districts. But however far out they live, they don't have to rush for trains or queue for buses. A coach comes around to all the outlying farms and hamlets and collects people to come to work, and returns them after the day is done.

ALTHOUGH, in the early days, the Quaker Clarks were deadly enemies of trade-unionism, the present generation of Clarks not only accept unions but have developed amazing working conditions. Girls still in their teens do very nicely on their £6 a week, and are able to continue living with their families, all of whom are employed in some capacity or other by the firm. A family of two brothers, one sister and parents jointly earn a substantial income and, by living in their own cottage, have a fraction of the expenses of a city-dweller—no fares, meals out or high rents and several pairs of free shoes a year.

Figures show a remarkably low rate of absenteeism in Street. It may be due to the healthy country surroundings and good food, it may be the peace and security and lack of nerve-strain or, as one girl mischievously suggested : "You can't very well 'play hooky' when everyone in the place knows you, and even the local magistrate turns out to be one of the Clark family."

There is little Quaker influence to be found in Street today except for the Quaker names engraved on the foundation-stones of the nonconformist churches, and the fact that the Bear Hotel, opposite the factory, which belongs to the firm is still unlicensed. Even so, there is a shortage of pubs in the place, a hangover from times of the strict Quaker régime when there was a ten-minute Bible session in every part of the factory before work started and alcohol was strictly taboo in the town, causing caustic comment from the cider-drinking farmers of the Somerset countryside.

But against the stern past, the present shines with added brilliance. The workers' own swimming-pool, "Greenbanks," is judged as one of the best in England and compares with Ranelagh; a nursery-school in Street is modelled on the newest American lines with glass sliding partitions dividing classrooms; there are regular daily excursions into Bristol, Bath and London for shopping or theatres, and each citizen knows that not only will he and his family be secure and paid and housed all his life, but that his children will be just as well situated.

CLARKS' employees seem to count their time with the firm in generations, not merely by years. A man with ten or twenty years is considered a comparative newcomer. When a count was taken in 1950 there were 760 who had been with the firm more than twenty-five years, and ninety-seven pensioners had worked with the firm for over fifty years.

As the majority have grown up with grandparents on both sides in the business, they naturally learn shoemaking craft from babyhood. Even the youngest learner taking her course of training knows more about the technique of the job than many old hands.

Each takes infinite pride in skill and workmanship, and there is nothing more degrading in the town of (*Continued on page* 66)

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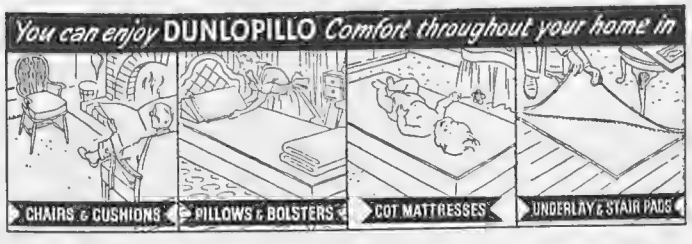
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## Big Business Without Bustle

# Calling All Wives (*Continued from page* 30)

Half nervously she led the way into the sitting room. "I'm giving you your supper tray in front of the fire," she told him, and added wistfully: "If you'd been earlier we might have done a flick. . . ." (*It would be wonderful to be out when the phone rang.*)

He stared at her, his dark brows arched, his eyes smiling: "What's come over you tonight, Puss?"

"Nothing—nothing at all. I just thought it would be nice to do something together, that's all."

"It's certainly time. Let's make it tomorrow night, then, a show in Town. I'll book in the morning and we'll dress and take in supper as well. Is it a date?"

She nodded, intolerably affected by his warm response. "Yes—it's a date." And she wondered, miserably, what she could wear, and whether he would still want to take her after—That Woman's voice had bewitched him back into the past. . . .

HE was in his favourite chair, stretching his long legs out to the fire: "Nice to be home. It's been quite a day—an important blueprint missing from the files—the typist away with 'flu. On top of it all the Willow-Wright contract looked as though it might fall through. Fortunately the Club served up a wonderful meal and the respected client mellowed up sufficiently to see reason—and like it—" he yawned largely "now we can relax a bit."

"You mean you've got the contract?"

"It's in the bag."

"Oh—Max! I'm so glad—so terribly glad!"

She sat on the arm of his chair, thinking how tired he looked, how inexpressibly dear. This contract was the biggest thing Max and his partner had ever competed for. If their plans were passed and they built the new Willow-Wright factory their reputation would be made. But it had meant weeks of hard work and late nights—endless worry. And this was the first time that she had properly appreciated the magnitude of the effort. Tears pricked at her eyelids. She said impulsively: "I'm so proud of you, Max. You've been wonderful. . . ."

He reached out an arm and pulled her close. "What's happened to you today, Clare? Why so emotional, pet?"

She tried to look unconcerned but felt her face flushing. "Nothing has happened," and added to keep her courage up "—nothing important, that is."

"The children aren't sick or anything?"

She smiled. "There's a letter from Tim on the mantelpiece. "He wants a new football."

He relaxed, patting her plump shoulder. "That's all right, then. I'll get him the finest football I can find. He's done well this term, shown fight."

AND then, because it had to be faced, she said slowly, "The only thing to report is a telephone call. An old friend of yours. . . ."

He sat up looking puzzled but suddenly wide awake. "Man or woman?"

"A woman. She knew you fifteen years ago—a Mrs. Ebert. Her other name is—Erica. . . ."

His reaction was even worse than she had feared. He looked startled, delighted, and very excited. "You mean Erica is in London—that she rang me up—here?"

"Yes. She saw you outside Hampstead Underground the other morning, only she was in someone's car."

"Where did she ring from?" he demanded urgently, "what did she say?"

With a sickening sense of dismay she told him.

"Didn't you get her telephone number?" he demanded impatiently—"her address?"

Why, I might be his secretary, Clare thought. She said shakily, "Don't worry, she's ringing again. Any minute now."

It was part of the nightmare that the phone should ring at once, as though waiting for its cue. Max reached it in one long-legged bound: "Erica!" he cried joyfully, "is that really you? I simply can't believe my ears. . . ."

Clare could hear the throaty, excited tones of That Woman's voice, but now it seemed, she had broken into German. Max answered in that language, laughing over his hesitations, his stumbling efforts to find the right word. Watching him, she could see that he was quite oblivious of her presence. She felt left out—and, even worse—left behind. She closed the door noiselessly behind her and went to the kitchen to prepare Max's supper tray. The man she had been married to for ten years was a stranger. Nothing would ever be the same again.

Max was still on the phone when she returned but as she put down the tray he said tenderly: "*Auf Wiedersehen*, Erica—*auf Wiedersehen!*"

FOR a few moments they stared at each other, saying nothing, then Max burst out: "If only I'd got home early, I could have seen her tonight—" he stared accusingly at his wife: "Couldn't you have given her the office number?"

"I didn't think of it," Clare said, dully. "Besides—there was your conference. . . ."

"*Conference!*" he repeated scornfully, "I'd have cut that, somehow. Now I shan't see her for three months. She's flying back to Germany tonight—leaving for the airfield in ten minutes."

"Did you say she's going away for three months?" Clare cried, trying not to shout for joy. It was like a reprieve. A lot of things could happen in three months. Plans began to take shape in her mind. She would fashion herself anew—prepare herself for battle. Max belonged to her and the children and she would fight for him tooth and nail. . . ."

"And after all these years," Max said fondly, "Erica sounded exactly the same."

Resisting an impulse to throw things Clare said sweetly: "That's the way she said you looked, exactly the same." She looked at him speculatively and in a harder tone, demanded: "What on earth were you up to—hanging about that draughty corner yesterday morning?"

He stared at her, his mouth dropping open.

"Doing? Buying a paper, I suppose—or lighting a cigarette. Why?"

"Nothing—it just sounded a bit funny, that's all." (If only he'd hurried into the station in the normal, business-like manner, That Woman wouldn't have seen him, and none of this would have happened.)

HE relaxed again, grinning at her: "That's the way you sound, Puss. Funny."

She forced a bright smile. "Never mind about me, let's talk about Erica. What's she like?"

For a long minute Max stared at his wife as though he were making those comparisons which everyone knows are apt to be odious. Then he threw back his head and laughed. "Erica? Impossible to describe her. She's—fabulous."

"You mean—beautiful?" Clare insisted.

His eyes twinkled at her. "Erica is terrific; stupendous; inimitable. Wait till you see her, dear. Meeting Erica for the first time is quite an experience." He began eating his carefully prepared *goulash* with great relish, "Aren't you having some?"

"I've had mine," Clare lied. Even a lettuce leaf would have choked her. She said brightly: "Where did you first meet her, Max?"

"Oh—Bloomsbury I think—or was it Chelsea?—it's so long ago. But when I got that bursary to study architecture in Germany, just before the war, I stayed with Erica and her family in Berlin."

"How interesting!" Clare said, keeping a bright smile pinned to her lips, "did you live with her—I mean—did you stay with the family for very long?"

"Six months," Max said, dreamily, "Erica gave me German lessons, and I helped her with her English. It was a long time ago—another world."

"And now she's turned up again!" Clare said brightly, but feeling a stab of black, wicked jealousy.

He nodded, suddenly sombre: "And with all her courage intact. We shall never know what she's been through."

CLARE reached for the tray. It would be too much if she were asked to feel sorry for That Woman—that menace to her happiness and home.

Max gazed at her with sudden concern: "You look tired, Puss. How have you been today?"

"There's nothing wrong with me," she said, bravely burning her boats, "Doctor Phillips says all I need is more exercise—and less food. The same goes for Chang. I thought perhaps we'd start giving him a nightly walk again."

"Quite an idea," Max said solemnly, although she felt pretty sure he was laughing at her, "let's get cracking. If we hurry we might get to the 'Spaniards' in time for a drink. Think you can walk that far?"

The next few weeks were too full of effort to leave much time for introspection. With the concentration of a boxer preparing for the fight of a lifetime, Clare went into training. She put herself in the hands of experts, and observed the self-discipline of a saint. Soon her clothes fitted her again, and she bought new ones. Her hair had a new gloss, a new style, her skin glowed with health and she felt years younger.

In between worrying about That Woman Clare was often blissfully happy. For even the house seemed re-vitalized by the change in its mistress. People started dropping in again, old friends and new, and there was stimulating conversation, music and laughter. Even Beth could find nothing wrong with her sister's new looks, or the way she was running her marriage. In a typically aggravating way she took all credit for the new state of affairs: "It was time you followed my advice, my girl. Max is still a very attractive man." Clare said nothing, Beth could think what she liked.

THE night Erica was expected for dinner, the house had never looked more charming. The dinner was perfect, the candle-lit dining-room table sparkling with glass and silver. Clare, keyed up with excitement, wore a new garnet-coloured dress that set off the lines of her figure and the brilliance of her eyes and skin. Max, handsome in his dinner jacket, prowled restlessly about the room, rushing to the window every time a taxi turned into Heath Road.

When the bell rang Clare felt her newfound confidence ebbing away, black panic taking its place. She (*Continued on page* 68)

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leant her head against the cold marble of the mantelpiece while Max and Erica exchanged excited greetings in the hall. They were speaking German, of course, and they had a lot to say, a lot to laugh about. It seemed hours—years—before she heard Max say :

"Erica—this is Clare !"

She turned, a polite smile on her lips. The smile froze while she mumbled a few conventional words, while she fought for control. For it would be awful, unforgiveable, if she should collapse at That Woman's feet in a fit of screaming hysterics. . . .

"But she is so slim, so young and pretty," Erica cried, advancing on her hostess with outstretched arms. And the next moment Clare was enveloped in an embrace that threatened to stifle her. Erica was indeed terrific. She weighed all of fourteen stone and her clothes did little to disguise the fact. She said, still holding Clare in her arms : "That man, that Max, must have married you from the school-room. A cradle snatcher —yes?"

"Practically," Max said, sounding smug, "I told you she was all right, didn't I?"

"*All right!*" Erica echoed scornfully, "you Englishmen have the temperament of fish !" She turned to Clare, smiling appreciatively : "And how smart you look in that beautiful frock !"

The words were said without guile but they made Clare feel over-dressed, like a mannequin at a church bazaar. Erica's own clothes were obviously mere concessions to decency and weather conditions; but you would hardly have noticed, Clare thought, whether she was wearing cloth of gold or checked gingham.

Erica's intelligent dark eyes had noted Clare's embarrassment for she said quickly: "I do not think, after all, that Max told you much about me, no? You expected someone quite different. . . ." She glanced from Max's grinning face to Clare's flushed cheeks, "—the *femme fatale* from his past, perhaps. The ever-youthful blonde, slim like a young goddess . . . yes?"

Clare tried hard to deny the uncanny truth of Erica's word picture but her pent up emotions proved too much for her. Released from tension she began to laugh, and she couldn't stop. "Since the day you rang up I've lost thirty pounds," she gasped, "a strict diet and lots of exercise. . . ."

"For me you lose so much good flesh?" cried Erica, shouting with merriment, "—and that wicked Max laughing up his sleeve. No, it is true—he has not changed. . . ."

HIS laughter now was loud and undisguised. The two women in his life hung on his arms. Together they laughed until they cried, until they dropped weakly on the couch in front of the fire, panting for breath.

"My poor husband, my poor Kurt should be here," Erica said, wiping her eyes with a handkerchief the size of a tray cloth, "he so much loves a joke." She turned to Clare, smiling broadly : "You will forgive me causing you all this hunger and hard work?"

"I can never thank you enough," Clare said, mopping her own eyes. *Colossal, stupendous, terrific,* the words echoed in her mind. And Erica was all those things and more besides. Personality and humour gave her an appeal that was little short of dynamic, and good nature and kindness beamed from her eyes. Never would she forget this meeting—Erica was superb. Laughing a little, she said gaily : "I was getting very dull and lazy. Max was bored with me—weren't you, dear?"

Max smiled at her. It was an odd smile, a little teasing and at the same time a little guilty, too. For a moment Clare was startled. Had she been wrong, then, after all? Had there really been a big romance between these two, all those years ago?

But Erica, on her feet now, admiring the room; the pictures, the children's photographs; the rose-wood piano—in an uninhibited, rumbustious kind of way, said firmly : "Bored with you? That I will never believe. He was just enjoying his little joke. . . ."

"Enjoying it very much," Max admitted blandly, "sometimes a little competition works a miracle."

"Wretch !" Clare cried, blissfully happy again.

Erica turned to them, nodding her head of black hair : "You have chosen the perfect wife, Max; you have been very clever. She loves music and the arts but she makes you the good home." She paused and sniffed appreciatively : "And if my nose speaks truly—the good cook. You are lucky, my old friend. I am very happy. . . ."

"And hungry, too—if I know you !" Max said. "Let's have a drink and then—let's eat." He busied himself with bottles and glasses and Erica whispered in Clare's ear, a little mischievously :

"And no starvation for you tonight, I hope?"

Clare laughed. "Not tonight, Erica. You've given me the appetite of a life-time !"

END

# Wool Over His Eyes (*Continued from page 12*)

an idea : he would propose at the end of the week. By then he would have established the fact that he wasn't to be had just for the picking. Betty would know who was boss.

ON the way out of the theatre George whispered to Miss Hartney : "Where do you live? I'll drop you off first."

"Chatswood," said Miss Hartney. "And you'll drop me off last. Where's your will power, Mr. O'Brien?"

George looked at her throat and felt again the itch in his fingers. "I have more than you realize."

They arrived at Betty's hotel, much to Betty's surprise. "I thought you might have been able to come up for a while, George."

George looked at Miss Hartney.

"Don't be long," she said. "They don't allow parking in this street."

"How about my lending you the car?" George said. "You drive home and I'll pick it up tomorrow."

"I can't drive," said Miss Hartney.

"You surprise me," said Betty. "I would have thought you could do *anything*."

"A girl has to be helpless sometimes" said Miss Hartney. "Otherwise we wouldn't need men, would we?"

George took Betty up to her suite, kissed her good night with no brakes on, apologized for having got his dates mixed and spoiled the night, and returned to his car and Miss Hartney.

"Do you think you could find another job, Miss Hartney?"

"Easily," she said. "But you couldn't find another secretary."

Which was true : secretaries were as scarce as bearded ladies, and twice as valuable. George gave up the idea of firing Miss Hartney and tried another tack.

"Well, as from tonight, you are no longer my girl friend."

"You hired me for three weeks," said Miss Hartney.

"I'll pay you," George said. "Double time. It will be worth it."

"I shan't let you do it," said Miss Hartney. "You have thrown yourself at Miss Warsaw from the moment she stepped off the plane. She is a nice girl, but she knows what she wants and she is used to getting it. It sticks out a mile. If you give in without a struggle, you'll never be anybody in your family. You'll just be Betty's husband, Old Man Warsaw's son-in-law. You should have more pride, Mr. O'Brien."

"I have my pride," said George, and thrust out his jaw. "I also have the natural instincts of a man in love. You seem bent on making me a nervous wreck through frustration. All I ask is that you allow me *some* time with Miss Warsaw."

They drew up outside Miss Hartney's house at Chatswood, and she looked at her watch. "It is almost time to begin paying me double time. I shouldn't linger, Mr. O'Brien."

"I had no intention of it," said George, and roared away into the night.

NEXT morning there was a bill for two theatre tickets on his desk. He paid Miss Hartney for them, dictated some letters to her, then put on his hat.

"I am taking the rest of the day off to show Miss Warsaw around. The office is in your hands, Miss Hartney."

"And your life is in yours," said Miss Hartney. "Take care of it, Mr. O'Brien."

George showed Betty the sights of Sydney, then drove up to the Blue Mountains for dinner : he wanted to put as much distance as possible between himself and Miss Hartney. Over dinner, Betty gave him as much encouragement as possible without actually sitting in his lap, and it was only because of a great display of will power that he didn't propose to her then and there. Will power, and the fact that his nose began to bleed.

He had forgotten that the Blue Mountains, even in New South Wales' mild winter, can be damned cold. They had walked out on to the terrace of the hotel where they had had dinner and George was just about to launch into a discussion of their mutual future, when suddenly he felt the old tingling in his nose. He just managed to get his handkerchief to his face before the blood began flowing freely.

"What's the matter, darling?" Betty said. "Got a cold?"

George mumbled something behind his handkerchief, then Betty caught sight of the blood. "Oh no, George ! You don't still suffer from *that?*" Back in the old days many an embrace had been broken up because George had got the warning tingling in his nose, and it had been one of the things that had distracted Betty's attention from George and had prompted her to move on to men with more reliable nasal tracts. "Can't you stop it?"

George mumbled another unintelligible answer. Half an hour later they were on their way back to Sydney, Betty driving and George sitting beside her, weak from loss of blood and still feeling frustrated.

AT the office next morning Miss Hartney said, "How did you go?"

"It will please your sadistic nature," said George, "to know that I am still battling my instincts."

"Attaboy," said Miss Hartney, "sir."

At that moment the phone rang and Miss Hartney answered it. "Lanc-York Textile Mills. Mr. O'Brien's office."

At the other end of the line Betty said, "Who's that?"

"Miss O'Toole," said Miss Hartney. "Mr. O'Brien's secretary."

"You sounded like someone else," Betty said. "But then I can't tell one Australian voice from another. May I speak to Mr. O'Brien, please?"

George thanked Miss O'Toole (*née* Hartney), had ten minutes warm conversation with Betty, then hung up and was ready for office business, spry as a man who'd just had a blood transfusion. "Anything happen while I was out yesterday?"

"A long letter from Mr. Warsaw came in," said Miss Hartney.

"About Betty, I presume," said George.

"She is mentioned as a postscript," said Miss Hartney. "The body of the letter was given over to an urgent demand for five hundred bales of the best merino. It seems that one of the storage buildings in Bradford was burnt down and with it the supply of merino

we'd bought for that new autumn weave. Mr. Warsaw wants five hundred bales shipped within the next month, or else."

"Or else what?" said George.

"I don't know." Miss Hartney glanced at the bottom of the letter before she placed it on George's desk. "Or else. Yours sincerely, Roger Warsaw."

GEORGE read the letter, then lay back and closed his eyes in despair. "How the devil does he expect me to get five hundred bales just like *that*? He knows that the wool sales don't start for another six weeks and it would be a month after that before we could ship it."

"He mentions all that in the letter," Miss Hartney said.

"I *know*," said George. "I *read* it. But does he offer any alternative suggestion? Does he also say that he knows the Australian woolgrowers believe in the auction system, that they don't believe in allocation or private sale? And even if I could get a grower to listen to me, what would be the purchase basis with prices still so far above normal? I could get a few bales, but not a chance of five hundred."

"This is going to interfere with your other project," said Miss Hartney.

"You mean Betty?" George thought for a moment, seeing his whole future going down a wool-chute, then he slammed his hand on the desk, stood up, grabbed his hat and made for the door. "No, it won't! I'll get that wool if I have to shear it myself!"

"Happy shearing," said Miss Hartney, but George was already out of earshot.

He was also out of luck. He visited every woolbroker in town, came back to the office and called all the capital cities and such wool centres as Geelong and Albury, even called direct to some of the big merino stations, but at the end of the day he had been offered only five bales.

"Five, and I want five hundred!" He sat with his face buried in his hands for a long time, then he looked up at Miss Hartney. "You'd better send Mr. Warsaw a cable. Tell him no wool and ask him how soon my successor will be here."

"You mean he'll fire you?" said Miss Hartney.

"A certainty," said George. "Mr. Warsaw, like his daughter, is used to getting what he wants." He climbed wearily to his feet and put his hat on. "I am going out to see Betty. I do not want to be disturbed. This may be my last hour with her, a golden memory I shall want to cherish, and I don't want it interrupted by a hired girl friend. Understand, Miss Hartney? Leave me to make a fool of myself in peace. I am looking forward to it."

"You won't weaken and propose?" said Miss Hartney.

"In my present precarious state, marriage is the last thing I have in mind," said George. "I mentioned once before, Miss Hartney, I have my pride."

BUT a few hours later, in Betty's hotel suite, with Betty in his arms, his pride was as distant and forgotten as some childhood boast.

"I wouldn't worry about Daddy," said Betty. "If we were married, he couldn't fire you. How could you keep me if you didn't have a job?"

"What happened to the annuity you get from your grandfather's estate?" said George.

"But, that's only £1,000 a year after taxes," Betty said. "I'll need that to dress on."

"Oh, sure, I've been reading about you in papers from home. One of London's Five Best Dressed."

"Well, I wanted to achieve something on my own," Betty said. "I've been petted and pampered ever since I was born. Wouldn't you like your wife to be one of London's Best Dressed, maybe even the World's Best Dressed?"

"Of course," said George, and squeezed part of the £1,000 wardrobe. "But you'd be one of Sydney's Best Dressed. We wouldn't be living in London."

"Of course we would," Betty said. "Daddy could fix you up with one of the senior jobs, we could live somewhere in Bucks and we could split your holidays, so we could summer in Scotland and winter in Morocco——"

"I get three weeks' holiday," said George. "Split that, subtract travelling time—Anyhow, I said we'd be living here, in Sydney."

"Don't be silly, George darling. Who'd want to live in Sydney?"

"Quite a few people," said George. "Including me. I can't go back to England. My nose would bleed."

"That's just it," Betty said. "We'd be spending the winter in Morocco. Your nose wouldn't bleed there."

"And how does my work get done?"

"Oh, I'll talk to Daddy about that. *He* winters in Morocco. The least he can do is see his son-in-law has the same privilege."

GEORGE'S pride began to come back to him. "I don't want any privileges! I *want* to work."

"Now don't shout at me, George," Betty said. "You're not at the wool sales."

"I'm not shouting," said George at the top of his voice. "But can't you understand, I want to achieve something, too? You became a Best Dressed Woman on your own. Except for your grandfather's money. All I inherited was a nose that bleeds in England, and I'm not going back there. I'm going to stay in Sydney and make something of myself, and I don't want any privileges or help from the boss!"

"George." Betty's tone was very expensive and chill, like Berkeley Square on a winter afternoon. "You are behaving like a spoilt child."

(*Continued on page 70*)

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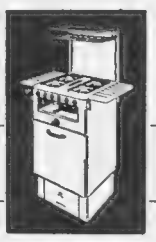

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P6

"Spoilt! Me?" George couldn't believe his ears; he jumped to his feet and began to pace about the room. "You're the one who's spoilt. It's just coming to me. You came out here, expecting to whistle me home just when you wanted me. Just like you used to. I was sort of expecting you to still want your own way, but I never dreamed you'd want me to give up *everything* for you, my job, my independence, even where I wanted to live. Miss Hartney was right——"

"Miss Hartney?" Betty said. "How did she get in here?"

"I JUST walked in," said Miss Hartney, coming through from the entrance hall. "I've been ringing the doorbell, but you couldn't have heard me for the shouting."

"How did you know I was here?" George said.

"I tried your flat, then came here," said Miss Hartney. "In your state of mind, I didn't think you'd be out of the town."

"What did you want?" Betty said. "Don't tell me he forgot another date?"

"No, this is business," said Miss Hartney, and smiled sweetly. Then she looked at George. "We can have five hundred bales of wool on the water within three weeks. There's a ship sailing on the fourteenth of next month and I've booked cargo space."

George had calmed down, but he was still a long way from normal. Betty had just become a stranger to him and his temper towards her had evaporated. But now here was Miss Hartney, whom he had already dismissed as a hired girl friend, still bent on her extra-curricular activities, still bent on saving him from Betty's domination, and using an excuse that was just a cruel joke on him.

"That's grand," he said with magnificent irony. "The perfect secretary, thinking of everything. Cargo space on a ship just when we need it——"

"Is she your secretary?" Betty said.

"Yes," said George. "Meet Miss Hartney-O'Toole."

"Daddy won't like this when he hears of it," Betty said. "Carrying on with the office help."

"Daddy won't mind a bit," said Miss Hartney, "when he hears what the office help has done."

"What *have* you done?" George was suddenly suspicious.

"I've bought you five hundred bales of the best merino wool," said Miss Hartney. "From my uncle, to be paid for at the top rate prevailing at the end of next month's sales. The wool will be delivered here in Sydney a week before the ship sails."

"But how?" George felt suddenly weak; he put an arm about Miss Hartney's shoulders for support. "I tried them all, but all I got was No. Definitely."

Miss Hartney smiled up at him. "I'm my uncle's favourite niece. Ask him about me. We have to leave tonight by train to see him about the details. He'll be meeting us in Bulinga tomorrow."

"Have you the tickets?" George said.

Miss Hartney held them up. "Shall we need a third?" she said, and looked at Betty.

"You most certainly will not," said Betty. "Tomorrow morning I am leaving for England."

"Have a nice trip," said George, and still leaning on Miss Hartney picked up his hat and made for the door. "And tell your father I like Sydney and have very good contacts here. It would be best if he didn't think of transferring me back to Bradford."

"I shall make sure *that* doesn't happen," Betty said, and slammed the door after them.

GOING down in the lift George looked at Miss Hartney. "Jan, I'm indebted to you for the rest of my life."

"I know," said Miss Hartney. "Just what you were trying to avoid with Betty."

George was still looking. "Jan, you know, you have beautiful eyes."

"I know," said Miss Hartney. "The rest of me isn't bad, either."

"Agreed," said George. "Jan, would you be my girl friend?"

"I most certainly would," said Miss Hartney, and put her arms about his neck. "And this time it will cost you nothing."

END

# Much Better, Thank You (*Continued from page* 50)

*Creamed chicken and rice.* You don't need to be an invalid to appreciate this. If you start with a boiling fowl you will have enough stock to use for chicken broth and for the sauce veloute which you will need for this dish. Place the chicken in a saucepan with enough water to cover it. 1 cut up onion, 1 carrot, 1 stick of celery, cut small, and a slight grating of nutmeg. Add a few sprigs of parsley, and simmer till tender, which should take about 2 hours. Remove the chicken from the liquid, carve some slices from the breast and mince them if necessary. Melt 1 oz. margarine or butter, stir in a tablespoon of flour or cornflour, cook till it bubbles, and gradually add ½ pint of stock, stirring. Take off the heat when it has thickened and add seasoning to taste. Beat up 1 egg-yolk, add to it 2 tablespoons from the top of the milk, then a little of the cooled sauce. Mix well together and add to the remainder of the sauce in the pan. Stir over a very low heat—it must not boil, or it will curdle. Place the chicken breast or minced chicken on top of a portion of boiled rice. Pour the sauce over it, and serve.

Little remains to be told, as the Victorian novelist might say. Even for a weak digestion, the sweet course presents few difficulties. You can range among the egg custards (but steam them rather than bake them), junket among the junkets, dressing them up with fruit purée on top; there are creams and mousses and so on. But I can't resist finishing with a really special sweet, light, invigorating and delicious. You might try it for a special occasion, say, on the patient's First Day Up!

*Zabaglione.* Allow 1 egg yolk, half a wineglass of cooking sherry and 1 teaspoon of sugar per person. Put ingredients into a bowl over a pan of boiling water and beat really hard till the mixture thickens. Take away from the heat at once, and heap into individual glasses.

END

# Knitting: Outlining Cable (*Continued from page* 43)

**Next row.**—P. 1, p. 2 tog. twice, p. 1.
**Next row.**—K. 2 tog. twice.
**Next row.**—P. 2 tog. and cast off.

**BACK**

Work as for front until armhole. Now work first 6 patt. rows as given on front for 13 patts. (78 sts.).

Now work 39 sts., turn and work back and continue on these sts. as for front, decreasing on every row until there are 11 sts. on needle.

**Next row.**—P. 3, cable 6, p. 2 tog.
**Next row.**—P. 2 tog., p. 5, k. 3.
**Next row.**—P. 3, k. 4, k. 2 tog.
**Next row.**—P. 2 tog., p. 3, k. 3.
**Next row.**—P. 3, k. 2, k. 2 tog.
**Next row.**—P. 2 tog., p. 1, k. 3.
**Next row.**—P. 3, k. 2 tog.
**Next row.**—K. 2 tog., k. 2.
**Next row.**—P. 1, p. 2 tog.
**Next row.**—K. 2 tog. and cast off.

Work up second side to match, but casting on 4 sts. for placket wrap at centre and working these sts. in k. on every row. Complete last 10 rows of this side as follows:

**1st row.**—K. 4, p. 2 tog., cable 6, p. 3.
**2nd row.**—K. 3, p. 5, p. 2 tog., k. 4.
**3rd row.**—K. 4, k. 2 tog., k. 4, p. 3.
**4th row.**—K. 3, p. 3, p. 2 tog., k. 4.
**5th row.**—K. 4, k. 2 tog., k. 2, p. 3.
**6th row.**—K. 3, p. 1, p. 2 tog., k. 4.
**7th row.**—K. 4, k. 2 tog., p. 3.
**8th row.**—K. 2 tog., k. 6.
**9th row.**—K. 4, p. 2 tog., p. 1.
**10th row.**—K. 2 tog., k. 4. Cast off.

**SLEEVES**

Cast on 64 sts. on No. 13 needles and work 2 ins. in st.st.

Change to No. 12 needles and inc. at each end of next and every following 6th row 11 times, then on every following 4th row 24 times (134 sts.).

When work measures 16 ins. from beg., work as follows:

**1st row.**—P. 1, k. 2 tog. t.b.l., work to last 3 sts., k. 2 tog., p. 1.
**2nd row.**—K. 1, p. to last st., k. 1. Rep. these 2 rows 36 times (60 sts.).
**75th row.**—P. 1, k. 2 tog., t.b.l., k. 14, cast off 13, k. 27, k. 2 tog., p. 1.
**76th row.**—K. 1, p. to end of row.
**77th row.**—K. 2 tog., k. to last 3 sts., k. 2 tog., p. 1.
**78th row.**—As 76th. Rep. 77th and 78th rows twice.
**83rd row.**—K. to last 3 sts., k. 2 tog., p. 1.
**84th row.**—K. 1, p. 2 tog., p. to end. Rep. these last 2 rows 9 times. Now rejoin wool to sts. on 75th row and p. to last st., k. 1.
**77th row.**—P. 1, k. 2 tog., k. to last 2 sts., k. 2 tog.
**78th row.**—P. to last st., k. 1. Rep. these 2 rows 4 times.
**87th row.**—As 77th.
**88th row.**—P. to last st., k. 1. Rep. these last 2 rows 5 times. Work second sleeve to match but reverse all shapings.

**NECKBAND**

Cast on 22 sts. and work as follows:
**1st row.**—K. 11, p. 2, k. 6, p. 3.
**2nd row.**—K. 3, p. 6, k. 2, p. 11. Rep. these 2 rows.
**5th row.**—K. 11, p. 2, place next 3 sts. on spare needle and leave at front of work, k. 3, k. 3 from spare needle, p. 3.
**6th row.**—As 2nd.

Continue in this patt. until band is long enough to go round neck neatly and closely (25 patts.). Cast off.

Work 2 more bands to match for sleeve edges, one with st.st. border inside and one with border on outside, the ribs going different ways.

**TO MAKE UP**

Press all pieces under damp cloth, not pressing cables at all heavily. Sew front of sleeve to front of jersey, taking care that 1 p. st. on sleeve is taken in with seam with the extra p. st. of front of cable, so making a neat and symmetrical join. Sew back of sleeve to back of jersey. Sew band to bottom of sleeve, turning up st.st. edge and leaving 2 k. sts. to form neat edge for band. Hem down neatly inside. Sew band to neck in same way. Sew buttons and matching loops to back opening. Join sleeve and side seams. Press again.

END

# Cable Stitch Trimming

(*Continued from page* 43)

**8th cable row.**—P. 2, place 8 sts. on spare needle and leave at front of work, k. 6, k. twice into next st., k. 8 from spare needle, p. 1, k. 1. Work 15 rows.

**9th cable row.**—P. 2, place 8 sts. on spare needle and leave at front of work, k. 7, k. twice into next st., k. 8 from spare needle, p. 1, k. 1. Work 15 rows.

**10th cable row.**—P. 2, place next 9 sts. on spare needle and leave at front of work, k. 7, k. twice into next st., k. 9 from spare needle, p. 1, k. 1. Work 9 rows. Cast off. Work opposite side of collar to match but reversing the cables, beg. :

**1st row.**—K. 1, p. 1, k. 8, p. twice into last st. Now work as for first side but remembering to leave sts. on spare needle at back of work. Cable rows will read as follows :

**1st cable row.**—K. 1, p. 1, place 4 sts. on spare needle and leave at back of work, k. 4, k. twice into first st. on spare needle, k. 3, p. 2. Work 7 rows.

**2nd cable row.**—K. 1, p. 1, place 4 sts. on spare needle and leave at back of work, k. 5, k. twice into first st. on spare needle, k. 3, p. 2. Work 9 rows.

**3rd cable row.**—K. 1, p. 1, place next 5 sts. on spare needle and leave at back of work, k. 5, k. twice into first st. on spare needle, k. 4, p. 2. Work 9 rows.

**4th cable row.**—K. 1, p. 1, place next 5 sts. on spare needle and leave at back of work, k. 6, k. twice into first st. on spare needle, k. 4, p. 2. Work 9 rows.

**5th cable row.**—K. 1, p. 1, place next 6 sts. on spare needle and leave at back of work, k. 6, k. twice into first st. on spare needle, k. 5, p. 2. Work 11 rows.

**6th cable row.**—K. 1, p. 1, place next 6 sts. on spare needle and leave at back of work, k. 7, k. twice into first st. on spare needle, k. 5, p. 2. Work 11 rows.

**7th cable row.**—K. 1, p. 1, place 7 sts. on spare needle and leave at back of work, k. 7, k. twice into first st. on spare needle, k. 6, p. 2. Work 13 rows.

**8th cable row.**—K. 1, p. 1, place 7 sts. on spare needle and leave at back of work, k. 8, k. twice into first st. on spare needle, k. 6, p. 2. Work 13 rows.

**9th cable row.**—K. 1, p. 1, place 8 sts. on spare needle and leave at back of work, k. 8, k. twice into first st. on spare needle, k. 7, p. 2. Work 15 rows.

**10th cable row.**—K. 1, p. 1, place 8 sts. on spare needle and leave at back of work, k. 9, k. twice into first st. on spare needle, k. 7, p. 2. Work 9 rows, cast off.

**BACK**

Work as for front until completion of armhole shaping. Now continue without shaping until work measures 20 ins. Cast off 10 sts. at beg. of next 10 rows, then cast off remaining 27 sts.

**SLEEVE**

Cast on 59 sts. on No. 14 needles and rib for 3 ins., beg. and ending 1st row with k. 1.

Change to No. 12 needles and st.st. and inc. at each end of next and every following 6th row 28 times (115 sts.). Continue without shaping until work measures 17½ ins. Cast off 7 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then take 2 tog. at each end of every alternate row 10 times, then on every row 30 times.

Cast off 7 sts. at beg. of next 3 rows.

**TO MAKE UP**

Press all pieces under damp cloth only steaming ribbing and cable. Join shoulder seams. Join cast on flaps of front neatly below cable collar. Join collar very neatly to neck edging, sewing it as flatly as possible. Join ends of collar. Pad collar thickly with cotton wool, using more wool at back and much less in front, then sew down outer edge neatly. It will seem at first that collar is much too big but this extra size will be taken up by the padding. It is better to pin it down first before sewing, in order to get it to match on either side. Press again.

END

# Motifs To Work In Wool

(*Continued from page* 27)

For chair seats, measure the seat and cut the canvas accordingly, allowing one inch all round for making-up. This should be worked in background colour. Count rows before commencing to ensure that the design is in the exact centre.

For those without the experience to tackle the intricate work of the rug on fine canvas, the same charts can be used on a coarser one. In this case, needlepile canvas and six-ply rug wool should be used, and it should be worked in cross stitch. The effect will be less delicate, of course, but still attractive, and the work will progress more rapidly.

Bear in mind that on needlepile canvas, with seven stitches to the inch, the motif as worked on the chart will increase from seven by seven inches to ten by ten.

END

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# Books (*Continued from page 32*)

HOW correct is the political façade at Westminster! Yet behind Ministers' lives there may be not only intrigues for office but love affairs, infidelities, which lead to divorce, even suicide, and subvert public careers. Maurice Edelman's **"Who Goes Home"** (Wingate, 10s. 6d.) novelizes the inside social story of Parliamentary life with more realistic candour than Disraeli allowed himself. Ministerial Lord Huberton and his colleagues move in a penetrating light.

A STRANGE but unique Irish novel inspired by an old folk tale is Benedict Kiely's **"The Cards Of The Gambler"** (Methuen, 14s.) in which a doctor, who loses all at a clubhouse card-party while his wife is having a baby, meets God and Death and becomes a kind of Everyman in a miracle fantasy, a Peer Gynt on his symbolic wanderings. This moral tale written with Celtic imagination and much beauty of scene will enchant the more sensitive type of reader. Only an Irishman with an instinctive religious outlook could have written it.

BRUCE MARSHALL specializes in human, likeable priests. A young one, Don Arturo, is entrusted with a sacred relic, the finger of St. John of the Cross, in **"The Fair Bride"** (Constable, 12s. 6d.), and the chequered fortunes of both in the Spanish Civil War make a vital, compelling story.

JOHN MOORE'S "Brensham" country erupts again in **"Midsummer Meadow"** (Collins, 10s. 6d.), this time through the activities of an avuncular naturalist, Dr. Tidmarsh, who befriends a rare species of buttercup, also a circus troupe with caravans, and valiantly defends both against the encroachments of Authority. The battle of the Meadow may be taken as symbolical of much that is now happening in our countryside, which Mr. Moore depicts with insight.

A WEEKEND at a manor house is the setting of V. Sackville West's **"The Easter Party"** (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.). The host, Sir Walter Mortibois, a leading Q.C has sternly eliminated all feeling from his life, married not for love, cares only for his house and his dog Svend. His frustrated wife wonders how he would take it if anything happened to either. Something does, to both, and in the supposed loss of his pet and the smoking ruins of his home he learns his lesson. A novel of character and cultured talk, notably on fear and religious faith.

"A FORM of documentary chronicle rather than a historical novel," Ernest Gébler calls **"The Plymouth Adventure"** (Cassell, 15s.), based partly on the letters, notebooks and journals of the first North American settlers who sailed in the Mayflower. By creating dialogue and "dreaming up" the personalities of these simple, devout pilgrims he has achieved a vivid synthesis of the voyage, explorations and settlement. This has made an excellent story for a film, with the romance of carpenter John Alden and Priscilla Mullins for love interest!

DENNIS WHEATLEY returns to Black Magic, with a Canon as Satanist and the Essex marshes and Riviera as contrasting backgrounds, in **"To The Devil—A Daughter"** (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.). The jacket shows a man holding a cross in one hand, a redheaded nude in the other, menaced by clutching hands, horned toads and other evil creatures. What more would you, with Wheatley for horror-master? Three previous thrillers—**Uncharted Seas, The Man Who Missed The War** and **They Found Atlantis**—are now omnibused as **"Worlds Far From Here"** (17s. 6d.).

DR. C. A. ALINGTON's whodunits are always urbane and well-bred. **"The Nabob's Jewel"** (Faber, 10s. 6d.) concerns the disappearance of an heirloom on which depends a family inheritance. The set-up is feasible, the workout a little strained on the question of disguise.

DAVID HOWARTH'S first thriller, **"Group Flashing Two"** (Hale, 9s. 6d.), is about a holiday fishing party on the north Scottish coast which stumbles on a war-weapon gang's hideout in a lonely cave. Murder, adventure, escape in a wild, heathery setting.

CROSS-PURPOSE love on a holiday cruise complicated by an arms-running intrigue befalls a young married woman in Anne Duffield's **"Harbour Lights"** (Cassell, 9s. 6d.).

SHOLEM ASCH omitted several chapters from **"Salvation,"** his tense story of Polish Jewry after Napoleon's retreat, published here in 1934. They are now restored in a reprint (Macdonald, 15s.) with the author's hope that the everlasting Jewish religious values may provide comfort and uplift after Hitler's pogroms.

OTHER books recommended for reading include:

### FICTION

**"Called Back,"** by Philip Gibbs (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.). **"Web In Childhood,"** by Winifred Duke (Robert Hale, 10s. 6d.). **"The Marcaboth Women,"** by Viña Delmar (Robert Hale, 9s. 6d.). **"The Secret Life Of Miss Lottinger,"** by Neil Bell (Alvin Redman, 10s. 6d.). **"Alys At Endon,"** by Rosalind Wade (Macdonald, 10s. 6d.). **"The Rock,"** by E. M. Almedingen (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.).

### MISCELLANEOUS

**"Indoor Plants And Gardens,"** by Margaret E. Jones and H. F. Clark (Architectural Press, 18s.). **"The Pampas And The Andes,"** by W. T. Blake (Cassell, 21s.). **"Small Meat Dishes,"** by Ambrose Heath (Faber, 7s. 6d.). Easy, appetizing recipes to make the meat ration more interesting and satisfying. **"Haunted Britain,"** by Elliott O'Donnell (Rider, 15s.). Eerie but humorous accounts of haunted places. **"Child Care And Management,"** by Patricia Edge (Faber, 30s.). Guidance from pre-natal days to the choosing of the child's career. **"The Story Of Heraldry,"** by L. G. Pine (Country Life, 18s.). The evolution of heraldry written for the general reader, tracing it from the days of a practical system in warfare to the present day. The book is attractively illustrated with wood-engravings. **"Oxford Observed,"** by Thomas Sharp (Country Life, 12s. 6d.). Thirty beautiful photographs of Oxford illustrating the study and appreciation of townscape. With pictures of the city's colleges and streets he provides an analysis of some of the subtleties and intricacies of the scenes.

END

# The Great Pyramids (*Continued from page 23*)

One can picture them winding in procession to the pyramid, led by Khufu's three beautiful daughters.

The ancient religion included a hymn to the sun-god Re or Rā to be chanted as he rose in the east. It began: "Homage to thee, O thou who art Rā when thou risest and Tmu when thou settest. Thou risest, thou risest; thou shinest, thou shinest, O thou who art crowned king of the gods. Thou art the lord of heaven, thou art the lord of earth, thou art the creator of those who dwell in the heights, and of those who dwell in the depths. Thou art the ONE god who came into being in the beginning of time."

This was a funereal hymn supposed to be addressed to Rā by the soul of the departed from Sekhet-Hetepu, the heavenly "islands of the blest," but it typifies the triumphal chants that reverberated over the Nile valley when the people thronged in ceremonial procession, their dark bodies glossed by the sun, colours flaming in the ornamental, head-dress and raiment of nobles, princes, princesses.

Khufu, it is said, even sacrificed the honour of his daughter Hentsen to obtain more money to complete his pyramid, and she built herself a smaller one with stones donated by her grateful lovers! Other members of the royal family built themselves small pyramids nearby. In rows like streets spread the tombs of nobles, each with its mortuary chapel or shrine.

Thus, about the Great Pyramid grew a city of the dead, and on certain days—especially the annual feast in honour of the departed at the beginning of our November, though it was the first month of the year by the Egyptian calendar—relatives came in solemn procession with offerings and prayers for the spirits of the entombed. Always it was a place of pilgrimage and ceremonial observance.

The concealed entrance to the pyramid was 49 feet up the north face. From this a passage sloped down, then up through a long granite hall and heavy doors to the King's Chamber, with its red granite sarcophagus, 140 feet up in the central core. It was roofed with seven huge slabs, one above the other, and there were two narrow vents to the outer air to permit the soul access to the body.

IT was the custom, when the Pharaoh died, for his body to be brought by royal barge from the palace, the river journey symbolizing that of the soul to the underworld. At the landing place was a building for the embalming, purification and other rites, which might take a year. Then it was borne along the causeway to the mortuary chapel by the pyramid, where more ceremonies preceded the entombing and sealing.

The rich furnishing of the Chamber may be judged from one ascribed to Nefru's wife and Khufu's mother, unearthed near the pyramid. It contained a canopy, bed, two chairs, a carrying chair, all gold-sheeted; alabaster vessels, copper basin and tools, gold knives and razors, three gold vessels and manicure instrument, a toilet box with cosmetics in eight alabaster jars, a jewel case with twenty silver anklets inlaid with lapis lazuli, cornelian and malachite.

Khufu's tomb, despite the twenty years' monstrous labour lavished on it, was probably ravished, and his dust scattered, before he had lain in it a century. In the ninth century A.D. the Khalif Mamun, dazzled by stories of life-sized cocks of jewelled gold, coined gold in heaps, vessels cut from single emeralds, spent a fortune breaking through to the fabulous treasure-chamber.

All he found was an empty sarcophagus minus its lid. The great Khufu had built himself not a funereal fortress inviolate for all time, but a vast limestone shell enclosing a vacuum in which his spirit could no longer find mortal habitation.

END

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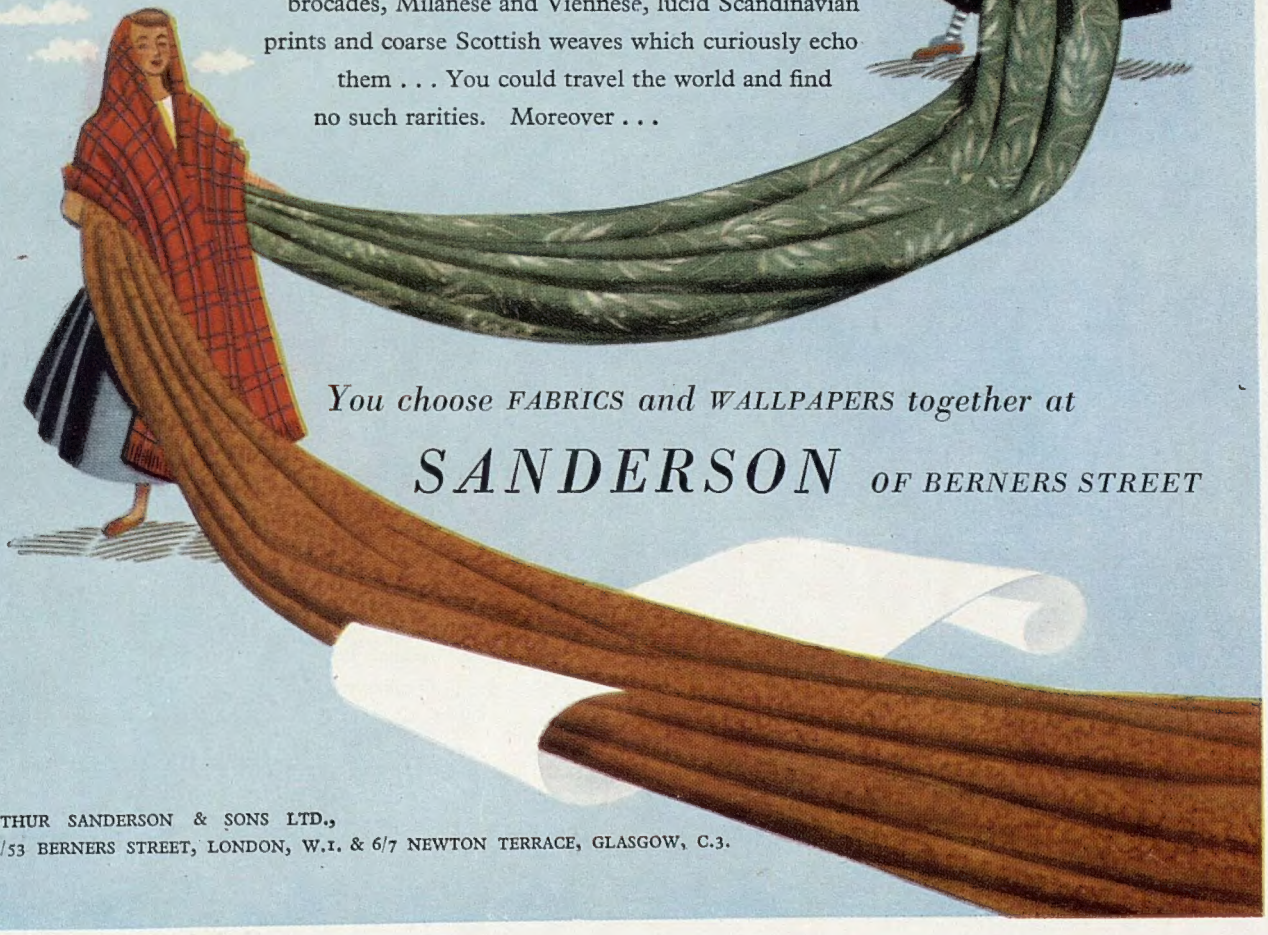

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